

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 535.—Vol. XXI.

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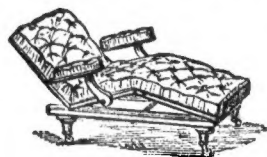
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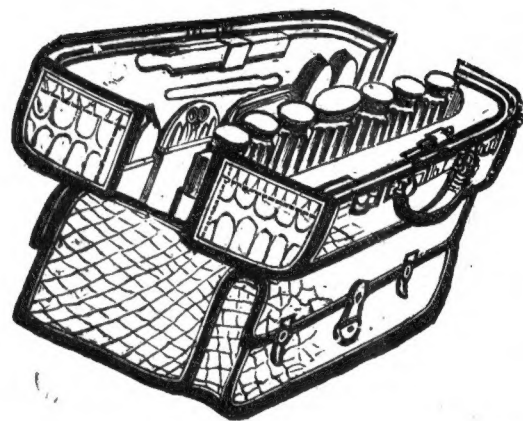
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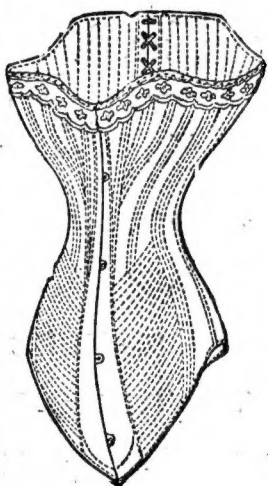


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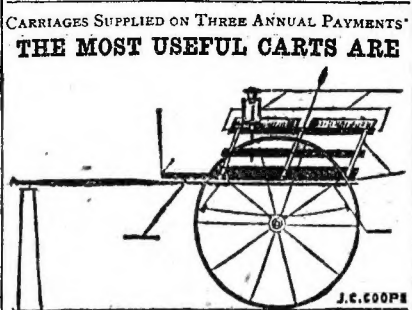
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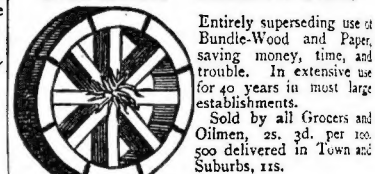
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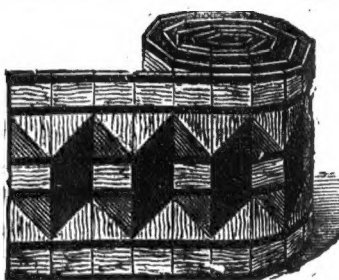
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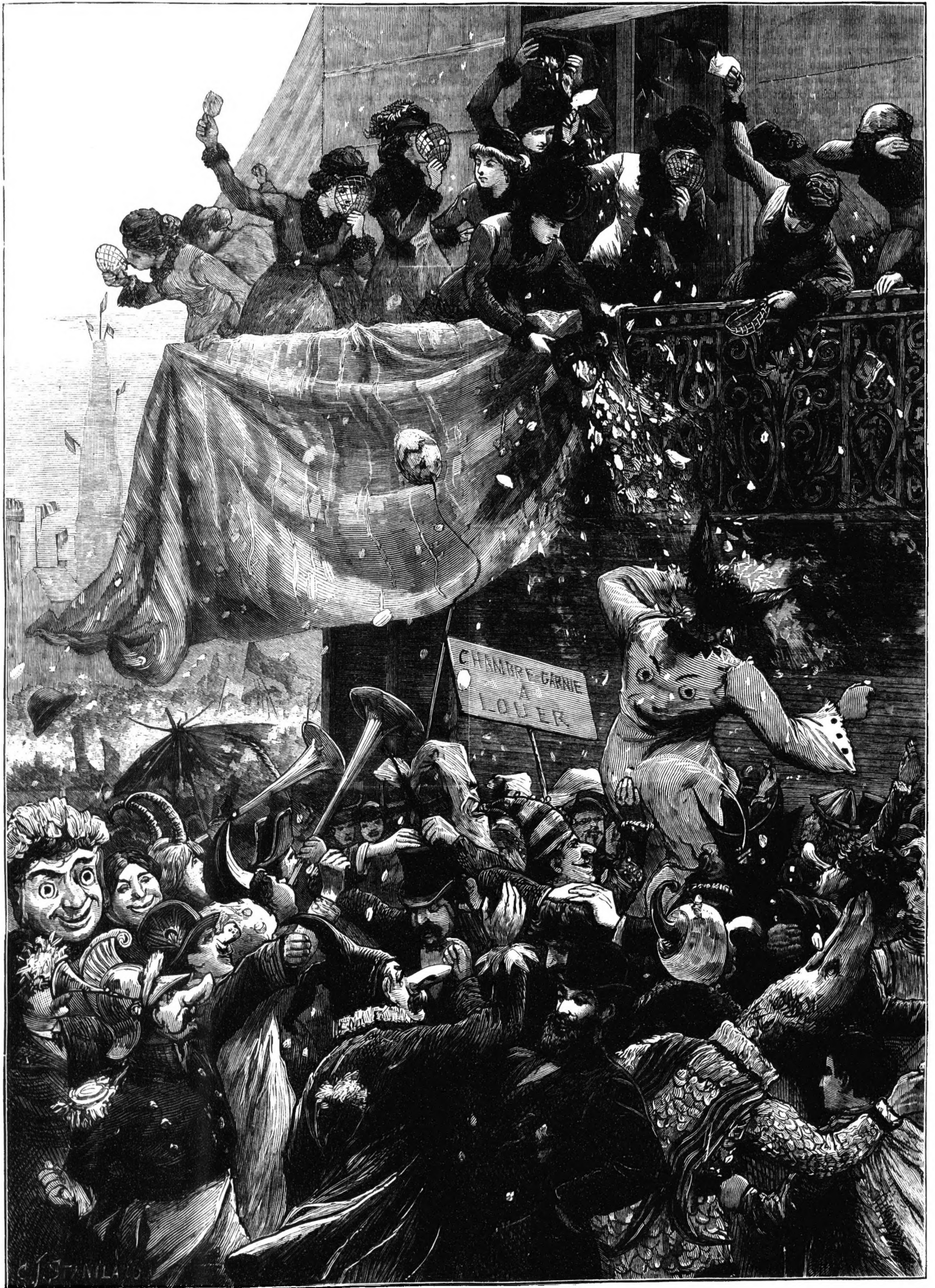
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 535.—VOL. XXI.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880

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THE BATTLE OF THE BALCONY—A SKETCH AT ANTWERP DURING THE CARNIVAL

Topics of the Week

OBSTRUCTION.—The members of the House of Commons are naturally loth to frame rules which shall place any restriction on the liberty hitherto accorded to individuals of their own body. For generations past the existing regulations for the conduct of business and for the preservation of order have substantially answered their purpose, because of the instinctive "give and take" feeling which actuated the members. There was a general tacit understanding that the freedom of debate was a privilege which might be pushed to inconvenient extremes, but, with rare exceptions, members abstained from doing that which they would not have liked their fellow-members to do. All this has altered now. A knot of men have got into the House, who, with the hope of worrying Parliament into granting Home Rule to Ireland, have for several Sessions past strained the forms of the House with the deliberate object of obstructing public business. It is not easy to define in all cases wherein obstruction consists. The intention rather than the actual matter in debate must be regarded. From mere bores and crotcheteers the House will good-humouredly put up with some waste of time; whereas a series of speeches which may in themselves be sensible enough will be viewed with disfavour if evidently made with the object of hindering the business of the nation. Of this nature were the interminable discussions last Session on the Mutiny Bill. Last Monday night showed another form of this Protean prodigy, Obstruction, when Mr. Sullivan and Mr. O'Donnell wasted hours of valuable time in complaining of certain newspapers which had been rebuking them for previous waste of time. In this way, Obstruction breeds Obstruction. Sir Stafford Northcote is a capable Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a very worthy man, but he is almost too amiable to grapple successfully with this Irish Hydra. However, we shall see. These troublesome gentlemen ought to be treated in a very sharp, short, and decisive fashion. If the overwhelming majority of the House who are not Obstructionists would forego their miserable party jealousies, and act in real earnest, they could easily put down these ignoble tactics, which Daniel O'Connell, although also an Irish patriot, would have scorned to use. For its own sake the House of Commons should act vigorously. It has already declined in public estimation, and it will decline still farther if it does not summarily suppress this handful of hinderers.

IMPROVEMENT IN INDIA.—The summary of the Indian Budget telegraphed from Calcutta was a pleasant surprise to most Englishmen. We have lately heard so much of the deplorable confusion of Indian finance, and so many pessimist warnings have been uttered with regard to the future, that the public would have regarded any new facts of an unpleasant nature as almost a matter of course. Yet Sir John Strachey is able to defray the calculated cost of the Afghan War out of the current revenue, and at the same time to show a considerable surplus. It is possible that when details reach us they may be found to be rather less favourable than this broad result would seem to imply; but they cannot essentially modify the impression which has already been produced. The most promising fact connected with the Budget is that the increase of income is mainly due to the development of industry and trade. Something has been achieved by means of strict economy; and Sir John Strachey holds out hope of important reductions of expenditure both in civil and in military administration. Mr. Fawcett and other reformers have for many years insisted on the absolute necessity for retrenchment, and if our new scientific frontier is worth anything it ought to enable us sooner or later very considerably to curtail the outlay on the army. Still, the material welfare of India must mainly depend on the growth of industrial energy, and it is highly satisfactory that there are at last signs of genuine commercial progress. The remission of the export duties on indigo and lac will lead to a large extension of the trade in these articles, and the raising of the limit of taxable income from 10% to 50% secures that one of the chief burdens which India has to bear will henceforth fall on the shoulders best able to support it. Some fault has been found with the Government for excluding the official and professional classes, who are nearly all Europeans, from direct taxation. It should, however, be remembered that it is absolutely necessary to secure a high class of Europeans for the Indian service, and that no such class can be provided unless they are generously treated.

MURDER OR MANSLAUGHTER?—The verdict and sentence in the M'Lean case are perhaps morally justifiable, but they do not appear to be altogether satisfactory from a legal point of view. In his summing-up, the Judge pointed out to the jury very distinctly the difference between manslaughter and murder, and as Lewis Paine was found guilty, not of an intention to kill, but only of culpable neglect, penal servitude for life seems a very severe sentence for such an offence. The truth is that, in spite of all asseverations to the contrary, Courts of Justice are not altogether guided by the dry legal aspects of a case. They are also, often unconsciously, swayed by sentimental considerations. The barest outline of the case produced a prejudice against the prisoner.

The small stature, the deformity, and the unprotected position of Miss M'Lean, and the circumstances under which she, a woman of good birth and position, was brought in a helpless state to die in an obscure coffee-house, all served to arouse popular indignation, and judges and juries would be more than human beings if some of this feeling was not reflected in their own bosoms. Nevertheless, it is worth noting that most of the matters which excited popular wrath against Paine were not crimes before the law. The law does not punish a man for cohabiting with a woman, or for persuading her to make over her own property to him, and insure her life in his favour, and therefore, as the jury found him innocent of attempting to shorten her life, it seems (from the purely legal aspect) rather hard to sentence to perpetual incarceration a man who, being himself a drunkard, and therefore no doubt a believer in the virtues of alcohol, did not restrain another drunkard from taking more spirits than was good for her. In France, probably, the verdict would have been one of Wilful Murder, with those wonderful "extenuating circumstances," which are rarely absent, and it may be suspected that this was what the jury by whom Paine was tried meant in their hearts when they found he was guilty only of Manslaughter.

GOVERNMENTS AND REVOLUTION.—The Russian newspapers express a strong anxiety that a sort of combination against revolution should be formed by the Governments of Europe. We have no doubt that in nearly all Continental countries some politicians would be ready to approve a scheme of this kind; but, even if it were adopted, it would be unsuccessful. If experience has proved anything, it has demonstrated that revolutionary agitation cannot be permanently suppressed by harshness. Agitators may be made more cautious, but persecution intensifies their enthusiasm and supplies them with additional arguments for the measures they propose. So far as England is concerned, the part she would be expected to play would be to deliver up political offenders who might take refuge under her laws. It is to be hoped that no British Government would ever consent to any such proposal. Englishmen of all parties and classes detest these proceedings of the Russian Nihilists; but mad as these proceedings are they cannot be ranked with ordinary crimes. A distinction has always been drawn in this country between violence which springs from political motives and violence which is of a strictly personal nature. There are circumstances in which the former may be justified. A people suffering from undoubted tyranny may properly rise against its despots and fight for liberty; and if it succeeds all the world will applaud its valour. Should the attempt fail, it is one of the most useful functions of a free nation to protect the refugees who may entrust themselves to its honour. The ruffians who try to blow up palaces and railway trains, indifferent as to the number of innocent lives they may sacrifice, cannot be classed among true patriots; but the principle for which England has always contended is too important to be abandoned because it may occasionally benefit the undeserving.

LAND LAW REFORM.—Within these brief limits it would be difficult, even in the barest outline, to summarise the measures brought forward by the Lord Chancellor for making certain changes in the ownership and the transfer of land, but a few general remarks may be of interest. The modest alterations contemplated by the Government will assuredly not satisfy those enthusiastic land reformers who desire to see the country parcelled out under a number of peasant proprietors, and who regard every park or pleasure-ground as a wicked waste of soil which ought to be growing food for the people. For our part, we regard peasant proprietorship, even in Ireland, certainly in Great Britain, as an object not easy of attainment, and moreover not worth attaining. In countries where human beings are plentiful and acres are few, land for agricultural purposes is a bad investment for the small capitalist. He had much better hire the land of a rich man, who will be content with a lower rate of interest (two or two and a half per cent.) than he can afford to accept. But if he feels the "earth-hunger" so strongly that he must buy land, our would-be peasant owner will do well to spend part of his money on a sea voyage, and settle in America or Australasia. But while we disbelieve in peasant proprietors, we approve of peasant occupiers. There is room in these islands, according to soil, climate, and other conditions, for farms of all sorts and sizes. If the Lord Chancellor's Bills remove the pressure of that "dead hand" which now so often paralyses enterprise because an estate has no individual who can really be called its owner, and if it also facilitates the transfer of land, we may hope for many improvements. Away from the great towns and the mining and manufacturing districts, England is even now much underpeopled; and if more persons were engaged in extracting a living from the land we should not be so dependent as we now are on our Continental and Irish neighbours for our eggs and butter and fruit and vegetables. After all, the land is the mainstay of a country; other industries may take flight and settle elsewhere, but the land is always with us. The tendency of Englishmen at present is to crowd up into big towns, manufacturing, buying, and selling, and trusting to the foreigner for the bulk of our food supply. If we carry this tendency too far, we shall not only be placing a very perilous confidence in people who may some day quarrel with us, but we shall gradually become such a spindle-shanked, narrow-chested,

pale-faced race, that the arrival of a few junk-loads of Chinamen, armed with weapons of precision, will frighten us into submission. If we would avoid such a dismal prospect, let us do all we can to develop a population who gain their livelihood by cultivating the soil.

SHORT PARLIAMENTS.—Probably few people have been convinced by Mr. Holms' elaborate arguments on behalf of Quinquennial Parliaments. All the considerations that can be adduced for and against the present system would essentially apply to that with which he would replace it. This cannot be said with regard to the plan which Mr. Cowen seemed to favour. Annual Parliaments would be a real and most important change, and we can imagine circumstances in which the proposal would meet with general favour. If, for instance, public morality were ever to fall to the level which it reached in the days of Sir Robert Walpole, annual Parliaments would probably be demanded by the vast majority of the nation. He secured support by the easy method of paying for it in hard cash, and the plan appears to have been not at all unpopular in "the good old times." We have reached a stage beyond that, and the most misanthropical of observers would hardly say that we are likely to resume in this respect the ways of our forefathers. What urgent need is there, then, for adopting the system of annual Parliaments? Its principal effect would be that the national representatives would be brought directly under popular pressure. In ordinary times this might not be very disadvantageous, but in great crises of our history it would be attended by serious dangers. The mass of the people do not give much attention to important questions of policy; they are, therefore, liable to be carried away by sudden gusts of passion. At present a strong statesman is able for a while to hold on his course, notwithstanding temporary unpopularity, trusting that the good sense of his countrymen will ultimately triumph; but the adoption of Mr. Cowen's plan would render this impossible. Statesmanship would then simply mean blind submission to the multitude. Of course even now every Government must in the end act in accordance with the national will; but the national will is judged, not by means of passing excitement, but in accordance with what seem to be its permanent tendencies.

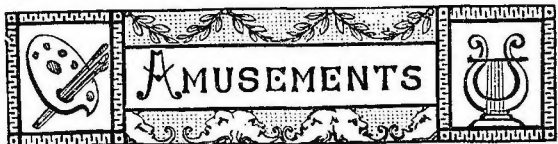
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.—This is a subject with which we have dealt over and over again, but the public is very forgetful and apathetic about such matters, and wants perpetual prodding. There are two publics in this business—a well-to-do public and a poor public—and we fear they are both equally apathetic. The well-to-do public is apathetic, because it is for the most part non-residential. While in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn it is too busy to think about miniature parks or public gardens, and at eventide it is whirled away to distant suburbs, or really rural landscapes compared with which the Fields of Lincoln's Inn look grimy. The poor people of the neighbourhood are residential, but they are too much occupied with struggling for a living, and too ignorant of their collective power, to make any effort to open Lincoln's Inn Fields to the public. It is rather depressing to observe that all these proposals come from the higher classes speaking on behalf the poor, and not from the poor themselves. Yet there must be hundreds of parents within a mile of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who know what a boon admission to the garden of Lincoln's Inn would be to their children, who have now no playground but the street. Why don't they combine together and ask? In these days the poor man in his collective capacity is always respectfully treated. If a thousand heads of families in the neighbourhood would take some trouble in the matter and ask earnestly, they would get what they want. There would be some expense, of course, but that ought to be defrayed out of the parish rates. Then the people who used the garden would feel that they were paying for its keep, and were not beholden to charity. It is scarcely necessary to observe that in a Continental city, where the amenities of life are more regarded, and where the Government or the Municipality does more for the public than here, such an unrivalled little central park as "The Fields" would be carefully tended. It would be made accessible by broad streets, it would be surrounded by handsome houses, there would be fountains and an abundance of seats among the shrubs and bushes, and a band during the summer evenings.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—There can be no doubt that the monument to the Prince Imperial will, after all, be erected in Westminster Abbey. The tone of Dean Stanley's rather petulant speech on Tuesday made this quite certain. He seems to be perfectly confident of the wisdom of his own judgment in the matter, but we question whether he has the support of any considerable section of the intelligent classes of the community. It is true that men of all parties have obtained monuments in Westminster Abbey, and that the pity of the nation was aroused by the fate of this unfortunate youth. Without any disrespect to the memory of the Prince, however, it may be doubted whether (apart from other considerations) he was sufficiently eminent to justify this distinction. He had done nothing to indicate exceptional talent or character, and it cannot be truly said that he died in our service. His help in South Africa was in no way needed, and, indeed, it was offered, as some of his friends admit, merely that he might find an opportunity of causing himself to be talked about. Had he come back with a reputation

for valour, we all know what use he would have made of his fame. Dean Stanley says that he had no intention of attacking an established Government in France. Perhaps not; but he certainly intended to take advantage of any confusion that might occur, and the mere fact that he was ready would always have tended to create difficulties for the Republic. In these circumstances French Republicans are not likely to be agreeably impressed by the course on which Dean Stanley has decided; nor will their displeasure be lessened by his assurance that he is himself a Liberal. He oddly defended himself by pointing out that the memorial on the subject contained few distinguished names. Surely Dean Stanley does not suppose that if a man fails to sign a memorial he must be held to disapprove of the object it is designed to promote.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, the second being devoted to SKETCHES relating to the WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, with specially written Letterpress respecting the RECENT ATTEMPT on the LIFE of the CZAR. This Second Sheet must be placed for binding as directed by the pagination. —The continuation of MISS A. B. EDWARDS' New Story, "LORD BRACKENBURY," is postponed till next week.

NOTICE.—Next week we shall issue an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT on Plate Paper, size 31 in. by 23 in., containing PORTRAITS OF T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, from a Photograph by Messrs. Turner and Drinkwater, 10, Barnsbury Park, N.



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NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Proprietor and Manager, Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN. A series of Shakespearean Plays will be produced, commencing WEDNESDAY, Feb. 25, with MACBETH, which will be performed for Ten Nights only. Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman. The second production will be OTHELLO, on March 8, for One Week only.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, March 1, Last Six Nights of the OLYMPIC COMPANY.

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TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1880, on which occasion there will be TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES, Afternoon at 2.30, Evening at 7.30.

When the following Artists will appear:—Miss Florence St. John, Miss E. Farren, Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Emily Duncan, Miss Emily Fowler, Miss Anna Stanley, Miss Mab Chambers, Miss Jenny Lee, Miss Marie de Grey, Miss Russell, Miss Lizzie Cote, Miss Helen Barry, Mrs. Bernard Newcombe, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Walter Joyce, Mr. James Ferninder, Mr. Harry Payne, Mr. Charles Lauri, jun., Mr. Shiel Barry, Mr. Harry Paulson, Monsieur Marius, Mr. Harry Jackson, Mr. Macdermot, Mr. Herbert Campbell, the Great Vance, Mr. George Leybourne, Mr. J. P. Burnett, Mr. Fred Coyne, Mr. Charles Harcourt, Mr. J. H. Pierson, Mr. Will Riley, Messrs. Gonza and Lunardi, Messrs. Fox and Lauck (the American Wonders).

Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, every day from 10 till 7; at all the principal West End Libraries; and of the Attendants in the Hall. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

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All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher. THE PARIS OFFICE of this paper is 15, Rue Blue, where subscriptions and advertisements can also be received.



THE BATTLE OF THE BALCONY

HERE we have a sketch during that period of three days before Ash Wednesday, when in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe all classes and circles go temporarily mad, masquerade in the most absurd costumes and guises, talk the most utter nonsense at the very top of a piercing scream or falsetto, pelt each other with plaster of Paris sugar-plums, and generally demean themselves like the inhabitants of a public lunatic asylum out for a holiday. Woe to the victim that grows irritated when a handful of confetti stings his face or neck, or gives an ill-tempered reply to the gibe of some passer-by, who, reckoning upon the immunity of his mask or false nose, shouts out some biting sarcasm which—under the guise of folly—goes home with a force that the speaker never intended. The Carnival is a privileged institution, the mask, whether on man or woman, is as sacred a garment as the Turkish *yashmak* or the herald's tabard, and any violence would be visited by speedy and condign punishment at the hands of the motley crowd. Very rarely, however, is such an untoward occurrence chronicled, all Carnival-makers are proverbially good-natured and good-humoured, they have come to give and take, and where possible, "diamond cut diamond" is their invariable motto—chaff for chaff, *confetti* for *confetti*—but nothing beyond.—Our illustration represents a *confetti* skirmish at Antwerp, and is from a sketch by Mr. C. A. Cox.

HOMES FOR OUR DESTITUTE CHILDREN

ONE of the most admirable charities, and one which deserves undoubtedly the support of all who are interested in that great problem of how to rescue from the streets, educate, and start fairly and respectably in life the children of the destitute poor, whence the criminal classes of this country are so largely recruited, is the Society known as "The National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, and Training Ships *Chichester* and *Arethusa*." Thirty-seven years ago, in 1843, its labours were commenced in a small night school in the purlieus of St. Giles's, and in 1852 the Committee decided to take under their care nine children, who were to be fed, clothed, educated, and furnished with the means of obtaining an honest livelihood. The work, however, rapidly developed, and the number of children gradually increased, until now they number over a thousand, being located at the Boys' Refuge, Great Queen Street; the Boys' Home, Twickenham; the Farm School and the Shaftesbury School at Bexley; the two training ships, *Arethusa* and *Chichester*, and the Girls' Homes at Ealing and Sudbury. Upwards of 7,000 boys and girls have been received into these institutions, and 6,000 have been sent out to earn their own living, and of these, 2,500 boys had been sent to sea. On Tuesday week, in the Guildhall, Alderman Cotton, acting for the Lord Mayor of London, distributed to the inmates of the various Homes and Training Ships the prizes for the last half-year; old girls and boys, who had kept their situations from one to six years, being also rewarded proportionately, the prizes varying from medals to writing-desks or work-boxes; while the "special favourites" on board the *Arethusa* and *Chichester* were awarded silver watches.

After the ceremony Alderman Cotton made a brief eulogistic speech respecting the Society, and he was followed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who gave an interesting account of the work which the Society had achieved. By the help of this and kindred societies no fewer than 300 schools had been established, dealing with 15,000 children, while 220,000 children had been taken off the streets of London, a large proportion of whom would otherwise, he believed, have been left upon the streets. An earnest appeal for funds to carry on the work is made by the Committee, as it is wholly dependent upon voluntary contributions.

For the information of our readers we may say that 15/ will keep a child for a year, 1/ 5s. for a month, and 6s. 3/ for a week. Some donors pay for the support of a child, and others collect the amount. There is no election, and no homeless child is refused admission; the children being recruited from all parts of London and the country. Contributions may be forwarded to the London

and Westminster Bank, 214, High Holborn; or the Secretary, Mr. William Williams, 25, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE TORGHATTEN ROCK, NORWAY

See page 235.

STATUE OF CAPTAIN COOK, HYDE PARK, SYDNEY

THAT energetic colonist, the late Dr. Lang, often proposed that New South Wales should be rechristened Cooksland, in place of the name bestowed upon the colony by the great navigator from a fancied resemblance between its shores and those of the Principality. But although the colony retains, and is likely ever to retain, the name originally given to it, the memory of its famous discoverer is held in especial regard. Several monuments have been erected within the colonial boundaries in his honour. In Botany Bay, near to the place where Cook landed, is an obelisk which was erected in 1870, by the Hon. Thomas Holt, to commemorate the centenary of Cook's visit to New South Wales. At Randwick, a suburb of Sydney, there is a statue of Cook, which was unveiled by the late Commodore Goodenough. But the noblest monument of all is the statue by Woolner (of which we here give an engraving), which stands on a granite pedestal in Hyde Park. Hyde Park lies in the heart of the city, and is a quadrangle of forty-nine acres. Its leafy avenues are constantly traversed by pedestrians. At the northern entrance is a statue of the late Prince Consort, and, facing the Museum, towers the splendid effigy of Captain Cook.

CUPOLA HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH

See page 221.

IN AND ABOUT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

See page 225 et seqq.

SANDRINGHAM CHURCH

THE Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham, of which we give exterior and interior illustrations, is a quaint little church, with its buttresses and rough grey walls covered with ivy. This interesting building, which was restored about twenty-four years ago with great taste and judgment, consists of a chancel, nave, and tower, with a south porch. The chancel, which is in the Decorated style, dates probably from the time of Edward III., but the rest of the building is in the Perpendicular style of Henry VII. The church is well constructed of ironstone in extremely small pieces, with dressings of freestone, and as the ironstone is very dark, the effect is nearly similar to that of flint. Internally the church possesses one of those beautiful oak roofs for which Norfolk is celebrated. There is also an ancient font cover, richly carved, with pinnacles and niches, and all the windows are filled with stained glass, some of which is as old as the church and highly interesting, especially the figures of St. Michael, St. Ignatius the Bishop, St. Bridget, and St. Margaret. The rest of the glass, and likewise the fittings, are modern, and were executed at the cost of Lady Harriet Cowper. The churchyard is remarkably pretty, and possesses one of those lych-gates once so common in England, but which have now almost disappeared. The Royal pews are on the right and left of the chancel; like the decorated roof, they are in carved oak, opened in places, and with figures of angels on the extremities. The church has recently been enriched by a beautiful tablet to the memory of the late Princess Alice, which we recently illustrated. Through the liberality of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales the church has also been adorned with a fine organ by Messrs. J. W. Walker and Sons of London. The instrument is situated in the north west corner of the church, the bellows being placed in the adjoining tower. The case is of wainscot oak, supporting a frontage of pipes, and an ornamental iron screen, the design for which was made by Mr. A. W. Blomfield, F.S.A.

OUR remaining Illustrations are described on page 238.

THE AFGHAN WAR

OVERTURES for peace are being made, it appears, on both sides. General Roberts has despatched Mustafa Habibullah Khan, who was Finance Minister under both Sher Ali and Yakob, to Mahomed Jan with letters which, according to *The Times* correspondent, tell the hostile chiefs that the British Government is disposed to accept as ruler for Cabul "any Sirdar (with certain exceptions) whom the assembled representatives of the nation may choose." To this end General Roberts invites them to discuss the matter at the capital of their own country. These letters have crossed others from Mahomed Jan to General Roberts, manifestly showing an inclination to come to terms. Thus it is not unlikely that some amicable settlement may be effected peacefully; but, at the same time, the operations for the spring campaign are being energetically pushed forward, and it is stated that General Roberts will advance on Ghazni at the close of March, and meet General Stewart's force there, returning to India, after Ghazni has been occupied, by way of the Kuram Valley. From that district comes the news that Brigadier-General Tytler (whose portrait and biography are published in No. 529, January 17) has died of pneumonia. There is little other military news. General Bright is making good progress in the Lughman Valley, where a temporary garrison will probably be left; and the weather on the Khyber line is very bad, the heavy snowfall telling severely upon the transport animals. Mr. Lepel Griffin has been appointed Political Officer in Afghanistan, and has gone on a visit to the Maharajah of Cashmere before taking up his duties at Cabul. Yakob Khan, for the present, is to be domiciled at Mussoorie, where the Government have purchased a summer residence for his ex-Ameership.

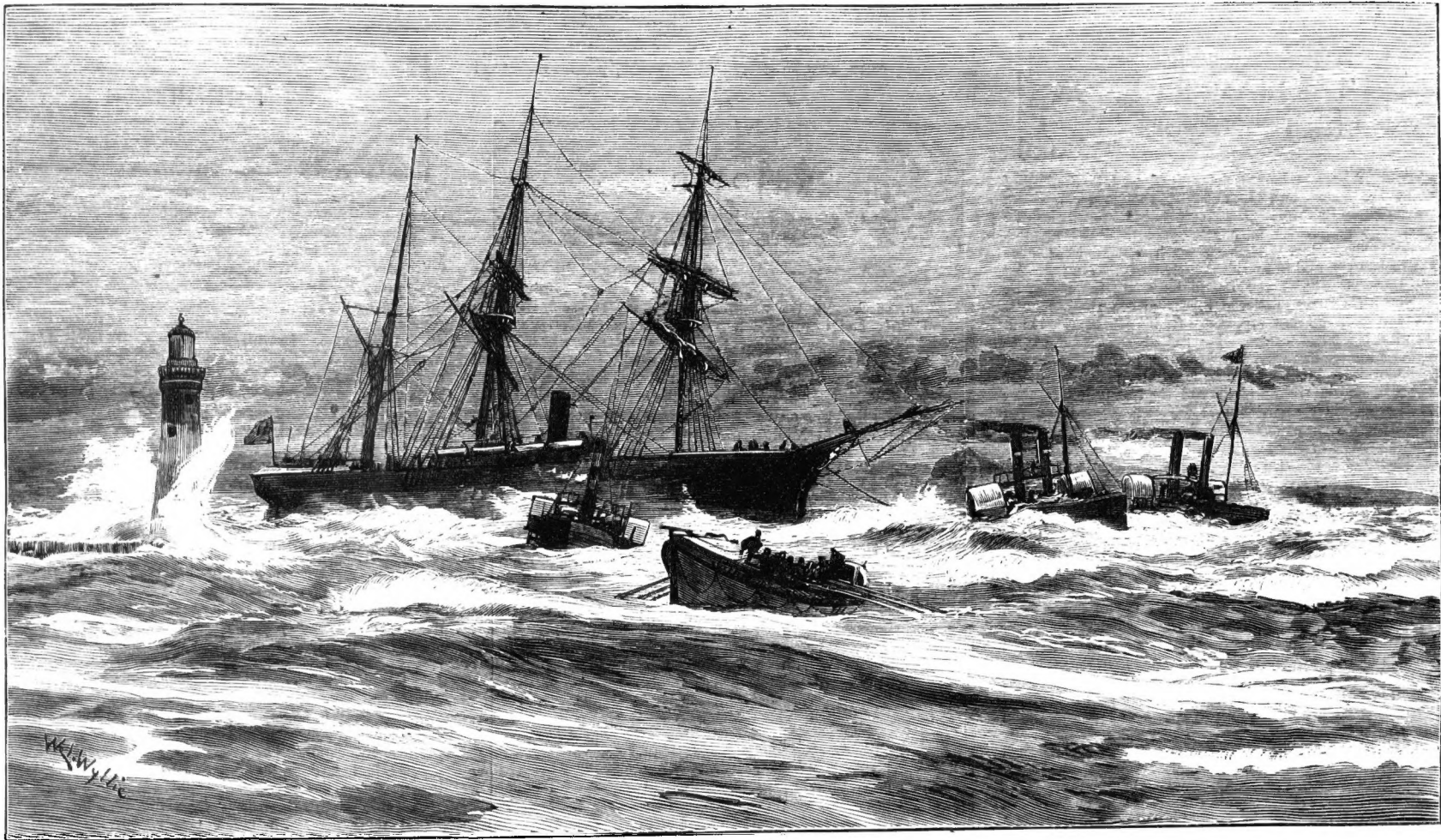
An abstract statement of the much-talked-of executions at Cabul has now been officially issued. Of the prisoners tried eighty-seven have been executed, and seventy-six released, the various crimes being the possession of property belonging to the Embassy, attacking escorts to rescue prisoners, murdering camp followers, participation in the attack on the Residency, inciting people to rise, and treacherously killing wounded soldiers. Every case was tried by the Military Commission, presided over by a general officer, and no sentence of death was awarded without confirmation by the Lieutenant-General Commanding. The defence of the prisoners was fully heard, and a remand granted, if necessary, for the production of rebutting evidence.

PRISONERS AT PRAYER

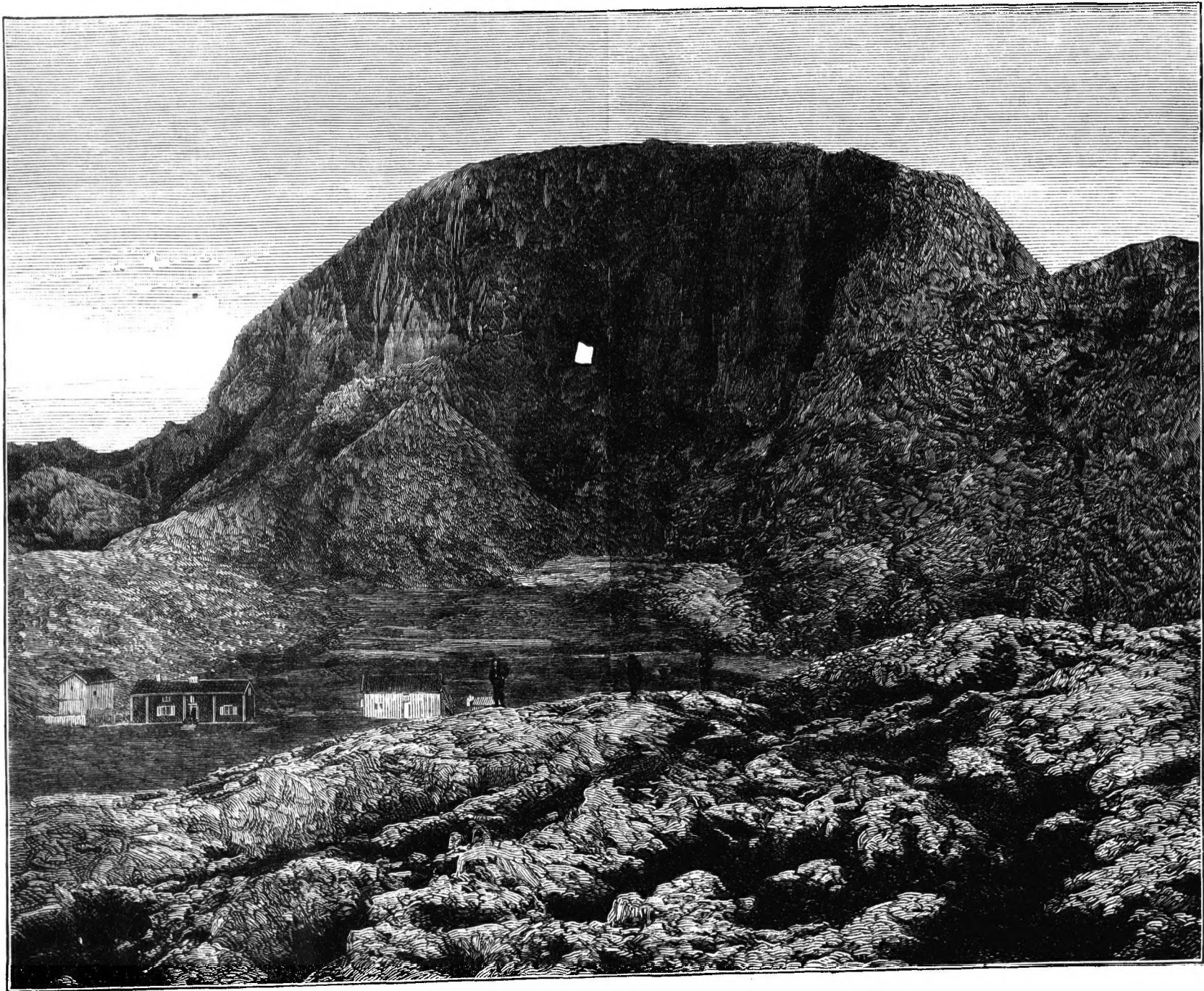
THIS illustration is from a sketch by Captain T. C. Porter, of the Carabineers, and represents an incident during the conveyance of the prisoners of Sahiya Khan, the ex-Ameer's father-in-law, and two other Sirdars. "About four miles from Jellalabad," writes Captain Porter, "we passed a stream, and Sahiya Khan asked me if he might be allowed to stop and wash himself, and go through his devotions. The permission was granted, and each of the Sirdars, having performed his ablutions, knelt down on small handsome Persian mats which their servants had placed in a row, and prayed facing the setting sun. The scene struck me as exceedingly weird, the three picturesquely attired Afghans praying almost in the very centre of their very matter-of-fact escorts—a squadron of Carabineers—the glow of a lovely crimson sunset pervading the whole, and lighting up the snow on the distant hills with a charming pink reflection."



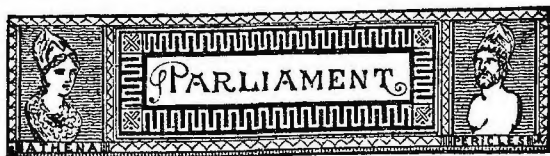
SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA—TRANSVAAL BOERS AT FAMILY WORSHIP



THE RECENT SEVERE GALE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—THE STEAMSHIP "HANKOW" OUTSIDE PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER



THE MOUNTAIN OF TORGHATTEN. NORWAY



THE Government have at length determined to take the bull of Obstruction by the horns, and on Thursday the discussion of the Resolutions drawn up by the Cabinet commenced. This is not the first time that high authorities have attempted to deal with this Parliamentary phenomenon. Hitherto such efforts have conspicuously, disastrously, and even ridiculously failed. How far the present attempt will succeed remains to be seen; but it may be pointed out that it is renewed under highly favourable circumstances. Sir Stafford Northcote has past experience for his guidance. He at least knows what has failed before. He has always had the compelling power of a large majority, but just now in addition to this he finds the Opposition in an unusually tractable mood. Accused of having participated in the criminality of the Home Rulers, they are anxious to prove their assertion that the indictment is without foundation. They may be expected to endeavour, as far as possible, to assist the Chancellor of the Exchequer in making the resolutions workable. Last, but not least, in these favourable conditions, is the fact that the most terrible and pertinacious Obstructor is at present at the other side of the Atlantic. With Mr. Parnell away Obstruction is comparatively a feeble thing. It is discouraged by Mr. Shaw and other of the more influential Home Rulers, and the chronic jealousy which rends the councils of the small tail of the party makes inoperative its anger. The time, therefore, seems most opportune for the enterprise, though its peculiar difficulties are such that he would be a sanguine man who hoped to see them straightway overcome.

Of course the Ministerial scheme would not have availed against the sort of Obstruction of public business which took place on Friday night, and to which the events of Monday furnished the supplement. On Friday, in accordance with notice formally given, Mr. Plimsoll was arraigned on the terrible charge of having declared "inhuman" and (hypothetically) "degrading" the conduct of Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Onslow. The particular crime which had aroused the uncontrollable indignation of the Member for Derby was that these gentlemen had placed on the Order Book a notice to oppose a Bill which requires that grain cargoes should be loaded in sacks. The practical result of this would be that, supposing Mr. Plimsoll's Bill were on any night reached after half-past twelve, it could not be proceeded with. In the absence of such an amendment the Bill might accidentally turn up at one o'clock some morning, and either be hurried through or hastily rejected. It may appear to many people that, after all, Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Onslow, from whatever motive, did a very desirable thing. Mr. Plimsoll took another view, and straightway placarded their boroughs with flaming placards denouncing them as enemies to their kind.

Mr. Plimsoll was very foolish, and his conduct proved contagious. The folly manifested itself even in an aggravated form, when the two members attacked laid their heads together, and solemnly determined to bring the matter under the notice of the High Court of Parliament. Even yet it might have been hoped that common sense would have been vindicated. But the agitation spread, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, yielding to the clamour of the noisier and less wise section of his followers, determined to make an example of Mr. Plimsoll. That gentleman had been brought to apologise, and his apology had been accepted. But Sir Stafford said "the authority of the House must be supported," and it was accordingly invoked to pass a resolution gravely censuring such very naughty conduct. It is, as everybody knows, the easiest thing in the world to pick out from a written or spoken speech words that may be legally deemed breaches of privileges of Parliament. Mr. Sullivan, determining to reduce the matter to an absurdity, had not far to seek for means. In a speech delivered by Major Jocelyn in Chelsea, he found that gentleman denouncing the sitting member, Sir Charles Dilke, for having voted with "a despicable lot of Irish rebels." Here was a breach of privilege at least twofold worse than that of Mr. Plimsoll, for Major Jocelyn had not only denounced a particular member for his conduct in the House, but had calumniated sixty others.

Mr. Sullivan brought the question up, and with due gravity moved that Major Jocelyn and Lord Cadogan (indicted on another count) should be brought up to the bar. The unfortunate Chancellor of the Exchequer, compelled to treat this pleasantry with official gravity, vainly endeavoured to argue that there was no analogy. The analogy was only too evident, and it was completed by Sir William Harcourt's meeting the motion by moving the previous question—precisely the line he had taken on Friday night. Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer, urged on by the cries of his followers behind, had opposed the amendment, and had voted down the traducer of Conservative members. Now he was in the unhappy position of having to eat his own words, and to refuse to vindicate the privileges of the House invoked on behalf of members of the Opposition. Apart from all other considerations, this was not a pleasant position for a man of honour. It was a cruel punishment, and every one must regret that it should fall upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had sinned only from a fatal disposition to yield to major force. But if it drive another nail into the coffin of the hitherto irrepressible mummy "privilege," the matter is not one for permanent regret.

This question of privilege occupied the fresh hours of Monday. In what was left the Irish Relief Bill passed its ultimate stages in the Commons, and has since been rapidly passed through the Lords. The Criminal Code Bill was also read a second time on Monday night, after an affecting interchange of compliments between the ex-Attorney General and the present holder of that high office. On Tuesday the House, which really seems to have nothing to do, gave itself up to the kind of joys amongst which members of debating societies are wont to dissipate. Two questions of a purely abstract and speculative character were introduced and debated for some hours. One, fathered by Mr. Blake, proposed that the immunity from arrest for debt now enjoyed by our legislators should be revoked. The other, which found a champion in Mr. John Holms, dealt with the question of the duration of Parliament, which the Member for Hackney would shorten by a couple of years.

These things were talked over for half-a-dozen hours, with the mace on the table, the Speaker in the chair, the Serjeant-at-Arms on guard, and all the usual observances of Parliamentary procedure. The only thing that could not be got was an audience, and hon. members taking part in the discussion were fain to address each other. Colonel Alexander, who had taken upon himself to champion the established usage of Septennial Parliaments, did not even have this sustaining force. He literally had no audience whatever at the commencement of his speech, the person who played the part of Dean Swift's "dearly beloved Roger" being the Speaker. If anything could have lifted the conversation to the level of a debate it would have been the speech in which Mr. Cowen reviewed the history of the question. As a literary effort, in which a far-reaching page of history was condensed into a powerful and lucid statement, this speech was worth waiting all night to hear. Beyond it there was nothing, and it would have been just as well if the count-out, naturally attempted when Sir George Bowyer rose, had proved successful. Wednesday was, by exception, much more

usefully employed in the discussion of a practical Bill for the Reform of County Courts Jurisdiction, introduced by Mr. Norwood, and which, after an interesting discussion, was read a second time.



POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—At the annual meeting of the Middlesex Conservative Registration Association on Tuesday, Lord George Hamilton, in moving the adoption of the report, said that the Liberal party had introduced into this country one of the worst features of American politics, the caucus system, which, however, he firmly believed had to a great extent been the cause of some of the late Liberal defeats. Besides this they had been dabbling in Home Rule. He believed that if there was an Irish Parliament it would lead to a civil war of the most savage character. As to the prospects in Midlothian, Lord Dalkeith's return was as certain as his own. The violence and intemperance of Mr. Gladstone's language had had its natural effect on the more moderate Liberals, and he had made a fatal mistake in suggesting that the Established Church of Scotland should be disestablished. He awaited the general election in perfect confidence, believing that the Government would not be beaten.—On Monday Mr. Grant Duff, addressing a Liberal gathering at Northallerton, made a long speech in reply to Mr. Cowen's recent oration at Newcastle. He declared that Mr. Cowen's remarks on Free Trade might have been more appropriately uttered fifty years ago, those on the Indian Question were nothing more than a rhetorical display, he did not appear to have taken the trouble to study Russian affairs, and his defence of the Treaty of Gundamak was "wildly inaccurate."—Mr. Arthur Arnold has also been criticising the "memorable speech" of Mr. Cowen, who, he thinks, can never be a dishonest politician, and who, he anticipates, will soon turn repentant and in his right mind. He challenges him to say whether he dissents from Mr. Cobden's dictum that "war is a great calamity, which it is desirable to avoid if possible;" and remarking on Mr. Cowen's boast of having supported the foreign policy of the Government, he says that it is his own that he has always denounced it as mischievous and ignoble. He looks upon inhumanity, or rudeness, or violence on the part of England towards a powerless State with additional resentment, just as he should regard that man as a coward and a despot who molested or ill-used a child.—Mr. Gladstone writing to some one who wanted to know the exact state of the case with regard to the oft-quoted accusation that when in office he caused a number of labourers to be discharged from Woolwich Dockyard, says that even a small acquaintance with public affairs would teach the accusers that in the offices he has held he never could have had to decide a departmental question of this nature. The only step undertaken by him in regard to dockyard workmen was to provide money, he thinks, 2,000l. or 3,000l., to assist dockyard workmen to emigrate.—On Tuesday Mr. Alderman Collings, ex-Mayor of Birmingham, was presented with an address at a meeting of Liberals at the Town Hall, in recognition of his general services to the town, and of his defence of the right of public meeting and free speech in the course he pursued at the Afghan war meeting fifteen months ago, which resulted in his prosecution before the magistrates. Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., who was in the chair, referred to the discussions on "privilege" in the House of Commons. On one night, at the instance of two sensitive Conservatives, the House had decided that it was a breach of privilege to say that the conduct of those honourable gentlemen had been inhuman and degrading, and two nights after almost the same persons decided that it was not a breach of privilege to speak of a number of honourable Irish gentlemen as "a despicable band of Irish rebels."—Mr. Plimsoll has written to his constituents saying that the reason he so fully exculpated Sir C. Russell and Mr. Onslow on Friday last is that he believes that the notices standing in their names had been placed on the Order Book without their knowledge.

THE RUSSIAN DYNAMITE PLOT.—Although the Czar Alexander is a citizen of London, the Court of Common Council have, after a somewhat warm debate, decided, by seventy-two votes to forty-five, not to congratulate him upon his providential escape.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS is not to be opened to the public. The trustees, in reply to a memorial asking that this might be done, and offering to meet the expenses of supervision, say that they doubt their legal right, as the gardens belong to the occupiers of the surrounding houses (why not ask them to consent?), and they fear that the trees would suffer. Those in the Temple Gardens have not done so.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.—The *Gazette* announces the intention of Her Majesty to confer the Victoria Cross on Colour-Sergeant Booth, 80th Foot; and Privates Flawn and Fitzpatrick, 94th Foot, for gallant conduct during the Zulu War.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES FOR WOMEN.—The recent successes of lady students of Girton College and Newnham Hall, in satisfying the examiners in the various degree examinations at Cambridge, has led to the starting of a memorial to the Vice-Chancellor and Senate of the University praying them to admit properly qualified women to the examinations and degrees. Forms for signature may be had of Mrs. Steadman Aldis, Ryton-on-Tyne.

THE MEMORIAL TO PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Dean Stanley has declined to alter his decision to allow the erection of this monument in Westminster Abbey unless at the request of the Sovereign or of Parliament. His depreciatory remarks on the number and value of the signatures to the protest against it are commented upon in our "Topics of the Week." Perhaps it is not yet too late to accept his manifest challenge by organising petitions both to the Queen and to the Houses of Parliament.

A NEW EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LORD GOUGH, designed by the late Mr. Foley, and finished by his pupil, Mr. Brock, was unveiled on Saturday by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It stands in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and was cast from the metal of cannon captured by Lord Gough in China.

THE TAY BRIDGE.—On Tuesday, at a meeting of the Glasgow Institute of Engineers, Mr. J. St. Vincent Day read a paper containing a detailed account of an inspection of the remains of the Tay Bridge, made on Monday by himself and some other members of the Institute. He made the startling statement that some one engaged in the work must have known all along that it contained at least one vital element of insecurity. In several places the castings were defective, and the blow holes had been filled in with lead; and the flanges of the piers were not properly adjusted, as in one case there was a space of fourteen inches where the concrete had spread between them; a headless bolt, which had been painted over, had also been found.

A FATAL ACCIDENT occurred on Wednesday at a saw mill at Vauxhall, where six persons were killed and a number of others seriously injured, by the sudden collapse of a shed in which they were engaged in chopping fire-wood, and upon the roof of which some twenty tons of timber had been stacked.



THE reopening of the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre has followed closely upon the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to the gorgeously redecorated Haymarket. Mr. Edgar Bruce is the new lessee, a gentleman well-known to the public both as a clever actor and as the successful manager of the little Royalty Theatre in Soho. Mr. Bruce appears to be desirous of adopting the system of the late management, at least so far as to dispense with extravaganzas and pieces generally of the showy kind which at so many theatres are regarded as indispensable. In this he is no doubt well advised, for the Prince of Wales's, like most houses which have enjoyed a continuous prosperity, has become known for a certain class of entertainments, and a very wide departure from its established policy would necessarily be attended with some risk of alienating its old patrons. Unfortunately the play which, with the introductory comedietta, constitutes the entire programme of the performances is neither in harmony with the later traditions of the theatre, nor in itself an attractive piece. Messrs. Grove and Merivale's *Forget-me-Not*, which was originally produced in August last at the Lyceum Theatre, when in the temporary occupation of Miss Genevieve Ward, sets forth the story of a certain Marquise de Mohrivar, a woman of detestable character and vile antecedents, who insists upon forcing her society upon a widowed daughter-in-law in Rome until, by the instrumentality of one Sir Horace Welby, the accepted lover of the latter lady's sister, Alice Verney, she is finally compelled to relieve the household of her hateful presence. Under ordinary circumstances the intruder, it may be presumed, would have been simply removed by the police. But the Marchioness has a secret power. Her late son has married without the consent of parents, and under the French code she is on this ground empowered to nullify the marriage, and consequently render his child illegitimate. It is by threatening this proceeding that she is not only able to force a promise to introduce her into good society in Rome, but to compel the whole household to endure her perpetual displays of wanton insolence.

A more odious personage than the Marchioness, whom Miss Ward represents with much power, but certainly without any effort to mitigate the more repulsive lines of the portrait, could not well be conceived; for beside all her reckless insults and vulgar exultation over the distresses of inoffensive people, she actually extorts from the sister referred to her valuable jewellery, under a sort of promise to abstain from the persecution which she nevertheless continues. The authors appear, notwithstanding all this, to have looked on the Marchioness as a person capable of awakening some sort of sympathy; for she talks of her coveted introduction to society as her last effort and hope to lead "a better life," and so forth, and even rates Sir Horace Welby regarding his early sins and his failure to make allowance for her—and this in a style manifestly intended to win the applause of unreflecting spectators. The painfully minute development of this detestable character is probably due to the desire to keep the Marchioness prominently before the audience; for this is one of those plays which are especially valued by star-actresses for this very reason; and all the more perhaps when the authors are obliging enough to introduce into the dialogue, as Messrs. Grove and Merivale have done, direct references to the quality and style of the fine dresses in which the heroine makes her appearance. The effect, however, of all this is certainly not agreeable. A scarcely less serious fault of the play is its lack of ingenuity of story. The whole intrigue resolves itself into the question how Sir Horace is to get this offensive person out of the house. For nearly three acts the audience are led to suppose that this will be finally accomplished by some brilliant unexpected exercise of the gentleman's cleverness; for, as in M. Sardou's *Les Pattes de Mouche*, each antagonist gives fair warning of an intention to outwit the other. Nothing of the promised kind, however, is arrived at. It is by mere accident discovered that there is a Corsican about the premises who has sworn to take the Marchioness's life; and Sir Horace after all has only to satisfy her of this to compel her to sign a paper recognising the marriage, and then to drive her from the place in abject terror. The play is performed in one set scene of a very handsome and appropriate kind; and the acting displays almost throughout a very high finish. It would be difficult to cite a more natural, forcible, or evenly sustained performance than that of Mr. Clayton in the part of Sir Horace—originally played by Mr. Forbes Robertson. Miss Kate Pattison in the character of the sister of the persecuted lady also acts with excellent self-possession and genuine tenderness. Other characters are sustained very carefully and efficient by Mrs. Leigh Murray, Mr. Flockton, and Mr. Shore. The short introductory piece, an original comedietta by Mr. Sydney Grundy, presents a good idea neatly worked out.

Miss Litton's revival of *As You Like It* will probably continue for some time to come to furnish entertainment for the afternoon visitors to the IMPERIAL Theatre. The scenery, painted by Mr. Perkins for the occasion, is highly picturesque; the costumes, designed by Mr. Forbes Robertson, may be pronounced mediæval, and very pretty, without reference to the somewhat shadowy question of exact locality or period of time; and carefully chosen, but skilfully employed with a view of giving satisfaction to the eyes of a cultivated audience. Nor is the performance itself without merit. Miss Litton, if unable to impart to the character of Rosalind the force and colour which renders Mrs. Kendal's performance of this part so delightful to witness, is yet a charming representative of that character, youthful and comely in air, graceful in movement, and very pleasantly vivacious, save when the false news of Orlando's mishap affords her opportunities for a natural display of half-concealed sorrow. Of the excellent elocutionary qualities of Mr. Hermann Vezin's performance of the melancholy Jacques there is now no need to speak. It is familiar to all playgoers. In Mr. Kyrie Bellew, for whose benefit Mr. Robertson has designed some very picturesquely antique costumes, the revival enjoys the advantage of a frank, manly, and lively Orlando. Touchstone is represented by Mr. Lionel Brough with more success in rendering the broad humour of the part than in indicating the vein of quaint philosophy which is no less characteristic of that gentle clown. Miss S. Hodson's Audrey is to be commended for its moderation. Mr. W. Farren is the Adam of the cast, while Mr. Everill represents the banished Duke, Mr. Bannister William, and Mr. Coe Duke Frederick. In the part of Amiens Mr. Coventry, who possesses a tenor voice of very pleasing quality, sings the old songs to the music of Dr. Arne, much to the satisfaction of the audience.

Mr. Toole has revived at the FOLLY Theatre, by way of after-piece, Mr. Hollingshead's farce, *The Birthplace of Podgers*, an amusing satire upon the form of hero worship which attaches itself to poets' birthplaces, in which piece this actor, the original representative of the character, appeared at the Lyceum Theatre during Mr. Dillon's temporary management, twenty-two years ago. The humour of the little piece arises from the very practical and prosaic view taken by Tom Cranky, a working man, of the intrusion of relic-hunters and rival photographers upon his domestic privacy consequent upon the accidental discovery that the "immortal Podgers" was born in his humble abode. This afternoon Mr. Toole

will appear in three pieces.—We are compelled to reserve till next week a notice of Mrs. Bateman's revival of *Macbeth* at SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Tennyson's *Falcon* and the comedy of *The Queen's Shilling* will be performed for the last time at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre on the 12th of March. On the following day (Saturday) Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, *Still Waters Run Deep*, will be revived here, as already announced.



THE TURF.—Sandown Park, which seems to grow in popularity each meeting among the highest class of racing men, has been fortunate in its weather this week, especially on the second day, when the great event of the meeting was decided. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present on both days, and there are certain indications that His Royal Highness intends taking a still greater interest in Turf pursuits this season than in any previous one. The management have made still further improvements about the stands since the last meeting; and the course was in excellent order, though somewhat holding at the bottom. Mr. A. Yates soon got back the purchase money for Lady Shrewsbury, who won for him the opening steeplechase, but he failed to get Rattle home before the Duke of Hamilton's Golden Pippin in the Hunters' Steeplechase. For the Cardinal's Hurdle Race Red Hazard came in first, but was disqualified as having won more than 300l. at one time on the flat, and Highland Mary was declared the winner. It is almost inexplicable how owners or those who act for them seem to shrink from taking a little trouble in ascertaining the conditions of races, and whether their horses in the event of winning will be disqualified. Bacchus somewhat contrary to expectation was pulled out for the Prince of Wales' Steeplechase against five other competitors. Of these Citizen was the only one who could make the semblance of a fight with him, the Irish horse winning as he liked in the hands of R. P. Anson. The penalty, however, of 7 lbs. which he incurs for the Grand National seems almost to put him out of count for that race. The Sandown Grand Prize Hurdle Race attracted a fair field of seventeen runners, of whom Thornfield was made first favourite—a position he maintained to the start. He had, however, to put up with second honours on this occasion, Hopbloom, a 100 to 6 chance, who had not displayed much form at the late Kempton Park Meeting, coming out a hundred yards from the chair, and winning at least somewhat easily by a length.—The Hunters' Hurdle Race resulted in a surprise, Salvo, against whom 20 to 1 was laid, beating a hot favourite in St. George by a neck.—The death of Thomas Dawson removes one of the old school of trainers; but up to the very last of his active life he was well entitled to the sobriquet of "dangerous Dawson," no man probably having ever trained more winners than he did. He was famous for his ability in making slayers out of animals which were not credited with much stamina, but still more to his credit was his character for straightforwardness in all he undertook. He was buried on Saturday last at Coverham Church, Middleham, and among the mourners were his three brothers, the well-known trainers, and F. Bates, his son-in-law, who for some time past had been at the head of his business.—Count Festetics, who has become associated with the English Turf, will marry, early in March, Lady Mary Hamilton, sister of the Duke of Hamilton.—Bohemian Girl is not a bad name for Prince Soltykoff to give his filly, the daughter of Balfe and Meg Merrilies.

COURSING.—The great Waterloo contest brought to a conclusion at the end of last week was an eminently satisfactory one. The weather was as fine as could be expected; the ground was in fair condition; the hares were strong and in good running order; few previous mishaps prevented the best animals from the leading kennels in these kingdoms from running; slipping was very true; the judging was unexceptionable; the enormous crowd—the largest, it is said, ever seen at Altcar—behaved with the greatest propriety; and it may be fairly added that the best dog won the Cup. On this occasion the winner, Lord Haddington's Honeywood, who ran in the nomination of Mr. Carruthers, was almost first favourite on the evening of the draw, and continued to be strongly supported all through the contest, whereas, last year, Misterton, who eventually won, was perhaps the rankest outsider of the sixty-four dogs, and hardly any one believed in his chance of victory till the deciding course. The general running, however, of last week was very similar to that of last year, which in the two first rounds was the most disastrous to favourites ever known, as on Wednesday last, when the two rounds had been got through every conspicuous favourite except Honeywood had been put out. Lord Haddington, who had no less than four of his strong kennel running in different nominations, elected to be represented by Haidee, who was made favourite, but was beaten in her first course. Lord Haddington in thus "declaring to win" with Haidee in the belief that she was the best animal in his kennel reminds us somewhat of Sir Joseph Hawley's persisting that his Green Sleeves would beat Blue Gown for the Derby. Lady Lizzie, one of the next most fancied animals, broke her leg in her first course, and Misterton's chances were clean put out by his getting on two fresh hares after his course with Ben Cruachan. And so eventually it came to pass that outsiders alone were left in with Honeywood, who ran the deciding course with Plunger, and only won it after an undecided by little more than the skin of his teeth. Scotch coursers are naturally delighted with the result, but it is no reflection on Mr. Carruthers to say that it would have been more satisfactory to the whole coursing community had Lord Haddington nominated Honeywood instead of Haidee.

AQUATICS.—Both at Oxford and Cambridge floods and coarse weather has interfered with the practice of the crews, but they have persevered manfully under difficulties. A week or so ago it seemed from the record of some wagers made that Cambridge was about to be made a hot favourite, but the market now shows them at "evens." The *cognoscenti* tell us that this year the race will be a particularly interesting one, as Cambridge will have the heavier and stronger men, and Oxford the lighter and more scientific; and already it is said that the latter show a style and finish seldom seen so long before the race.—A race on the Tyne between Kempster and Hawdon, for 100l. a side, has resulted in favour of the latter, after one of the finest contests ever seen on that famous river; and now the winner is matched to row Boyd in a month for 100l. a side, over the championship course, receiving twelve boats' lengths start.

FOOTBALL.—One of the best matches of the season was played on Saturday last at Kennington Oval, between the Clapham Rovers and the Old Etonians, in the fifth round of Association Challenge Cup competition. Contrary to general expectation the Rovers won, though only by a goal to nothing, the game having been most splendidly contested, inch by inch, from the beginning.—Charterhouse came up on Saturday last to play Westminster, at Vincent Square, and beat them by four goals to three.—In a Rugby Union Match at Manchester, Lancashire has beaten Middlesex by three goals and seven ties to nothing.

PEDESTRIANISM.—"Blower" Brown, as anticipated, beat his competitors in the six days' contest at the Agricultural Hall, last week, and also the best time on record, viz., Weston's 550 miles in 142 hours.—The professional peds. seem to be having a fine time of it, competitions going on almost all over the country, and a good living to be made even by the defeated. We heartily wish, however, for a decrease in the number of long-distance exhibitions.



"TENDER AND TRUE," by W. Arthur Law, late 21st R. S. Fusiliers (Remington and Co.).—Author and publishers alike have combined to make this work readable; the former has steered clear of that fatal error of modern novelists, "prolixity," and has ruthlessly cut down his tale to the compass of a single volume, whilst Messrs. Remington, mindful of the faults common to their profession, have, in this, as in other works we to-day review, published by their firm, not only given us the bold, clear type, broad margins, and excellent paper usual in high-class works, but have—boon to the weary reviewer—cut the leaves! We then open the work with softened feelings, and our pen, instead of finding a solution of gall in the inkpot, finds it overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Mr. Law writes as an officer and a gentleman should write, there is nothing in the book from beginning to end which could offend the most austere prelate, and much which would commend itself to the most merciless opponent of novel reading. The plot opens with the old, old story: a young subaltern quartered at an out-of-the-way garrison town finds time drag heavily on his hands, a harmless flirtation with a village belle ripens into something warmer than friendship, and ere the first chapter closes we learn that George Stewart, the subaltern of the old Royal North British Fusiliers, has won the heart of the pretty Ethel Stewart, and so the tale winds on, doubts and quarrels arise, the soldier sighs and rides away, and while shooting in Burma falls in with his fair love's father. What need to tell the rest?—we leave that to Mr. Law, who has given us a charming little book, thoroughly gentlemanly in tone, and vividly recalling to our minds other days when we too were young, and could spend life happily in a detachment mess-room, beguiling the hours with studying the "fauna and flora" of the country. The book is dedicated to "old comrades in memory of past days and never-forgotten friendships." It scarcely aspires to be a powerful volume, but it is a very charming one, a welcome contrast to the rubbish with which the world has recently been flooded.

In "A Tangled Web," Messrs. Remington have again lent their powerful aid towards ensuring the success of Miss Dicks' capital translation of Madame Lieutier's pretty little novel. Lucy Maynard, the unselfish daughter of a blind father, finds herself, at the very outset of her life, condemned to struggle with poverty in order to maintain a home for him, who has, by a cruel providence, been debarred from continuing to her the comforts with which she has since her birth been surrounded. Nobly does the girl strive to lessen the difficulties of her fallen position, and worthily does she earn her reward. As governess to the wards of a wealthy baronet, Lucy displays as much kindness of heart as she has ever shown in her untiring attentions towards her helpless father. The charms of her character attract Sir Henry Wheeler's notice, and the curtain drops on a *tableau* where the baronet has won for his wife the sweet-tempered Lucy Maynard. Simple as the story is, it is told with much feeling, and will find favour with those who are tired of startling incidents and fierce dialogues. It is just the novel to place in a young girl's hands, for it tells of a heroine who possesses the noblest qualities to which a woman may aspire.

We fail to recognise the hand which, under the initials "H. E. S.," has given us this taking little work. If it is her first attempt, the Marquis of Abergavenny has earned the gratitude of the novel-reading public for having induced the author to embark on the perils of a literary career, though the weight of his name was not necessary to ensure the success of "Hurst Carewe" (Ward, Lock, and Co.). It is a trite and old saying, that the preface gives a clear reflection of the pages it precedes. The author of "Hurst Carewe" has remembered this, and in throwing herself boldly on the charitable world she has done a wise action. If the writing of this story has beguiled many a weary hour which might otherwise have been spent in sad and useless retrospect, we may safely affirm that the reading of it will convey to many hundreds of people stern lessons it were well to ponder over. It is a book which is calculated to do an immense amount of good, and we only regret that the author has taken refuge in the anonymity of three initials. Rarely have we come across a book more thoroughly calculated to convey a moral in anything but a moralising manner. Beatrix is one of the most loveable women it has been our good fortune to meet in the pages of a novel for many a long day, and the story of her career is told in a charmingly sympathetic manner. "Hurst Carewe" should be read by every one.

It would be difficult, nay impossible, to write in the same strain of "Civil War in Home and Land," by the author of "A Bride from Rhineland." Were it not that the writer openly avows herself no novice, we should have imagined that the book was the offspring of some excited schoolgirl's overheated brain, but in spite of the forcing which goes on in our middle-class seminaries, we can scarcely fancy that a young lady not yet out of the thrall of the gullable world. The heroine, Constance Beverley, is a bad daughter, a rebellious pupil, and a faithless wife, who indulges in an unholy passion for her husband's brother; she pays the penalty for this last crime by being immured in the dungeons of an Austrian fortress until "Death, the Great Deliverer, should come and set the captive free." The stormy scenes between this uninteresting young woman, her schoolmistress, and her father are amusing by reason of their unreality. There is but one incident in the book, and this we recommend to the perusal of all who have for business or pastime indulged in the career of arms. The scene is an Hungarian forest, the *dramatis personæ*, a "sounder" of pigs rooting up acorns:—"Suddenly one ancient pig lifted up his head with a startled grunt, and then gave the signal for flight to his companions by himself trotting hurriedly away into the deeper recesses of the forest. That ancient pig had heard a novel sound he could not understand. It was a volley of file-firing." Had that ancient pig been the Field-Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington he would have been startled at a volley of file-firing, for we will explain to the authoress of this eccentric work, that a volley means a simultaneous discharge of rifles, whereas "file-firing" was the old term applied to a continuous consecutive discharge of weapons, that is, one after the other. The book may be enjoyed by some, to the many it will be unreadable.

He must be a bold man who would knowingly break a lance with Miss Braddon. We therefore consider discretion the better part of valour, and merely announce that the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" has published her nine-hundred-and-ninety-third three-volume novel, "The Story of Barbara" (Maxwell), and that it savours much both of the periodical in which it appeared as a serial, and of the extraordinary flavour which the talented authoress knows so well how to impart. It is a pity that Miss Braddon herself, bearing a name honoured and respected in India, should have reproduced in Major Leyland's character the faults which are usually ascribed to that gallant man who led the Guides Cavalry at Delhi, and who has recently been attacked by Colonel Malletson in his "History of the Indian Mutiny." Being written by Miss Braddon, the book is essentially a sensational novel, powerfully written, and utterly unreal. In spite of its numerous faults it is a fascinating work, but as dangerous for innocent minds as the glare of the cobra. Fascinating and repulsive, sparkling and unhealthy, it is a novel we should be sorry to see in the hands of our sisters, our cousins, or even our aunts.



THE MONUMENT TO ROBERT SCHUMANN will be unveiled at Bonn on May 20th, the day being kept as a musical festival.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM in Lincoln's Inn Fields is in future to be opened to the public four days a week—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

MENDELSSOHN'S SECOND SON, Dr. Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, has died in Germany at the age of thirty-nine. He devoted himself chiefly to practical chemistry.

A "PEACOCK" BUTTERFLY was caught at Clevedon in Somersetshire last week, the *Bath Herald* tells us—a proof of the mildness of the season in that neighbourhood.

THE PAINTING OF THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN IN 1878 will be shortly completed by Professor Werner, and will be hung in the Festival Room of the Berlin Town Hall.

BRETHREN OF THE BRUSH are plentiful in Paris, where there are 602 painters in oil, 193 miniature painters, 507 pastel and fan painters, 107 sculptors, and 754 moulders, without counting several thousand sign painters, decorators, colourists, and photographers.

THE STATUE OF M. THIERS, to be erected at St. Germain-en-Laye, will be exhibited at this year's Salon by the sculptor, M. Mercie. M. Thiers is represented seated, holding on his knees the map of France, while his finger rests upon the Departments which he freed by the rapid payment of the indemnity.

THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY is to be performed on May 17, 23, and 30; June 6, 13, 16, 20, 24, and 27; July 4, 11, 18, and 25; August 15, 22, and 29; Sept. 5, 8, 12, and 19. The railway from Munich is now within some 14½ miles of Ober-Ammergau, which can be reached by a three hours' drive from Murnau. The new theatre will hold 4,500 people, and, as in former years, is open, with the exception of the reserved seats. Joseph Maier again represents the Saviour.

A TELEMETER for finding the exact distance of the enemy has been invented by a Belgrade Professor, according to the *Pull Mall Gazette*. The instrument is portable, being about the size of a watch, and remarkably accurate, as the error in the measurement of any range from 500 to 20,000 yards does not exceed 1½ yards, nor does it increase with the distance, as in optical range-finders, while the distance required to be known is shown upon the face of the telemeter in less than a minute. Finally, the cost is only 2l.

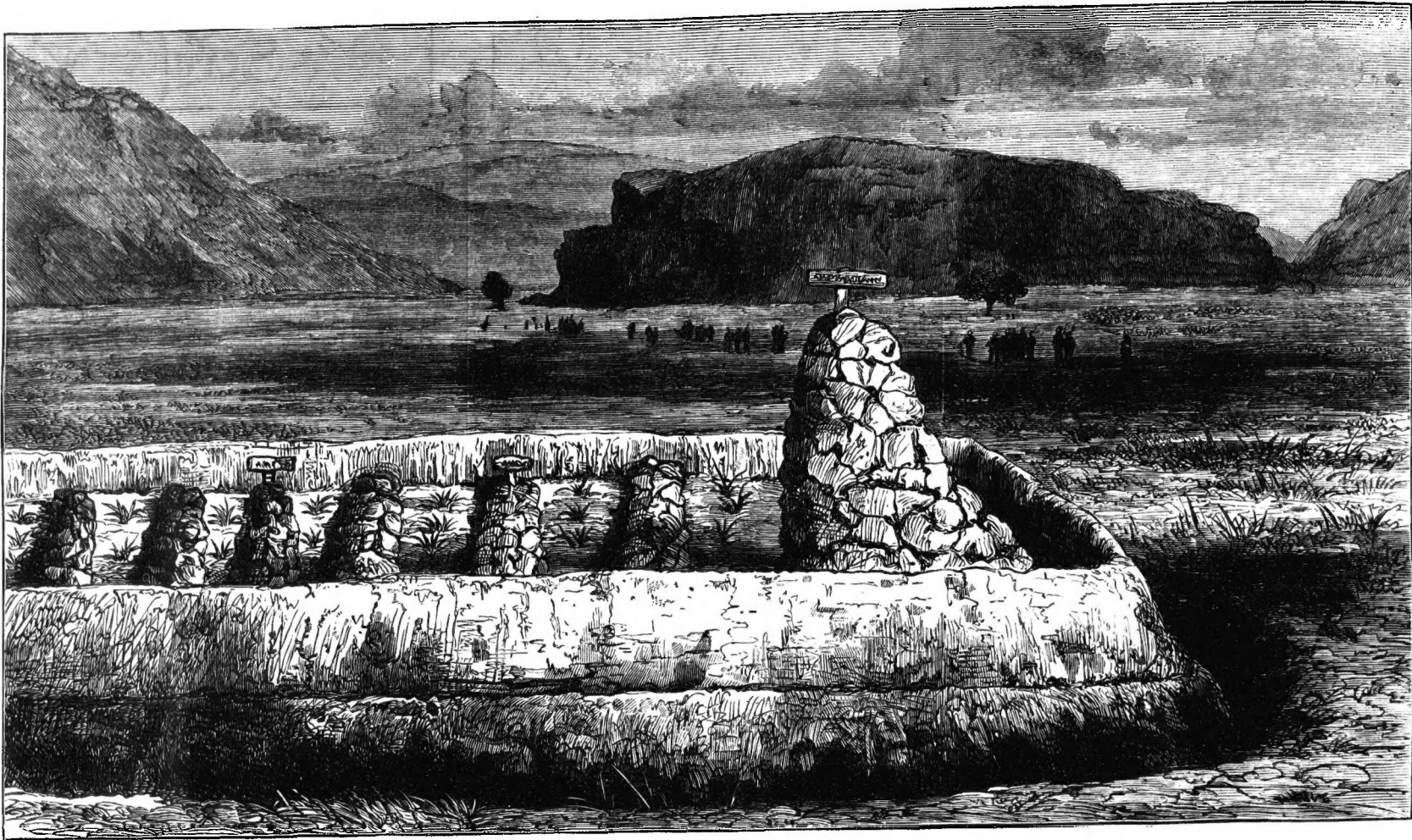
THE MEMBERS OF THE NORDENSKIÖLD EXPEDITION are to be rewarded by the King of Sweden with a medal specially struck in commemoration of the North-East Passage. There are four gold and forty-six silver medals for the officers and crew, which bear on the one side a portrait of King Oscar and on the obverse the insignia of the Order of the North Star. Meanwhile the Professor and his followers are being fêted in Rome. Before leaving for London, where, by the way, Professor Nordenskiöld has declined to deliver any lecture, partly because he does not speak English very well, and partly because he has become so accustomed to the deep silence of the Arctic regions that he finds it a trouble to speak at all.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 2,016 deaths were registered against 2,495 during the previous seven days, a decline of 479, being 224 above the average, and at the rate of 287 per 1,000. These deaths included 13 from small-pox (an increase of 1), 18 from measles (a decline of 5), 57 from scarlet-fever (an increase of 1), 11 from diphtheria (a decline of 2), 171 from whooping-cough (a decline of 26), and 23 from different forms of fever (an increase of 4). There were 2,659 births registered against 2,701 during the previous week, being 56 above the average. The mean temperature was 46.7 deg., and 7.7 deg. above the average. There were 16.4 hours of bright sunshine, the sun being above the horizon during 70.9 hours.

THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF LENT IN PARIS this year is the well-known Dominican preacher, Père Didon, whose Advent discourses were abruptly stopped by the Clerical authorities, but who is now preaching unhindered at the Trinité on the Antagonism of the Church and of Modern Society. Crowds go to hear the Father every Sunday afternoon, and the large number of men is particularly noticeable—a very unusual occurrence in France—the nave being reserved for their use, while the women have to put up with the side aisles and back of the church. The journals report his sermons as fully as mere mundane events, and give "Echoes of the Sacristy" in the same style as their theatrical items. Father Didon hopes for the eventual harmony of the Church and Society, but implies that the Church will have to make all necessary concessions.

THE PRIZE MEDALS awarded by the Sydney International Exhibition are of two sizes—one 3 in. in diameter, the other one 2 in., but are otherwise alike in every respect. On the obverse appears an allegorical female figure representing the Colony of New South Wales holding aloft a wreath in her right hand, while her left rests upon a shield charged with the Arms of the Colony. At her feet lie implements of Art, Science, Literature, Mechanics, Navigation, &c. In the background stands the Exhibition building, whilst in the foreground is seen water, emblematic of the seaboard of the colony. Above all runs the motto, "Orta recens quam pura nites." On a border surrounding the whole are the words "International Exhibition, Sydney, N.S.W., MDCCCLXXIX." The reverse bears a wreath of flowers indigenous to the colony, such as the Waratah rose, Blandfordia, five corners, acacia, Sturt's desert pea, the cabbage palm leaf, and the grass tree. This prettily-conceived design has been exceedingly well executed. The dies have been engraved by Messrs. J. S. and A. B. Wyon, of 287, Regent Street.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY last year acquired eighteen pictures by purchase, among which we may mention "A Convivial Party," by Dirk Hals; a "Virgin and Child," by Pietro Perugino; a Triptych, by Ambrogio Borgognone; "St. Peter and St. Nicholas of Bari," by Benvenuto da Siena; two river scenes, by R. Wilson; a cornfield and a view on Barnes Common, by J. Constable; two mythological scenes by Stothard; two sketches by J. S. Copley; and a portrait by Romney. Bequests also furnished fourteen paintings by various masters, twenty-three drawings by Peter de Wint, and ten drawings by G. Cattermole, and these drawings will shortly be exhibited in a special room, while further the collection has become entitled to the interest of 24,000l. which was bequeathed by Mr. Francis Clarke in 1856 in the event of his son dying childless, to be applied to the annual purchase of one or more pictures. His son died last July, leaving no children. The public rooms of the Gallery, which in 1824 only contained twenty-four pictures, now contain 1,040 works, and were visited last year on 188 public days by 871,500 persons, showing a daily average of 4,635, or 163 less than in 1878. On Students' Days there were 19,434 attendances, and—exclusive of partial studies—862 oil copies were made, 405 from 68 Old Masters, and 357 from 41 modern painters. Greuze was the favourite of the former class, his "Girl with an Apple" being copied fifteen times, and his "Portrait of a Girl" ten times, a similar number being recorded of Veronese's "Vision of the Invention of the Cross" and Vandyck's "Portrait of a Gentleman." Landseer was most frequently copied amongst modern painters, his "Spaniels" being copied sixteen times, the "Sleeping Bloodhound" and "Dignity and Impudence" ten; and the "Hunted Stag" and "High Life" nine times. Sir J. Reynolds stands next with ten copies of the "Heads of Angels," and nine of the "Age of Innocence."

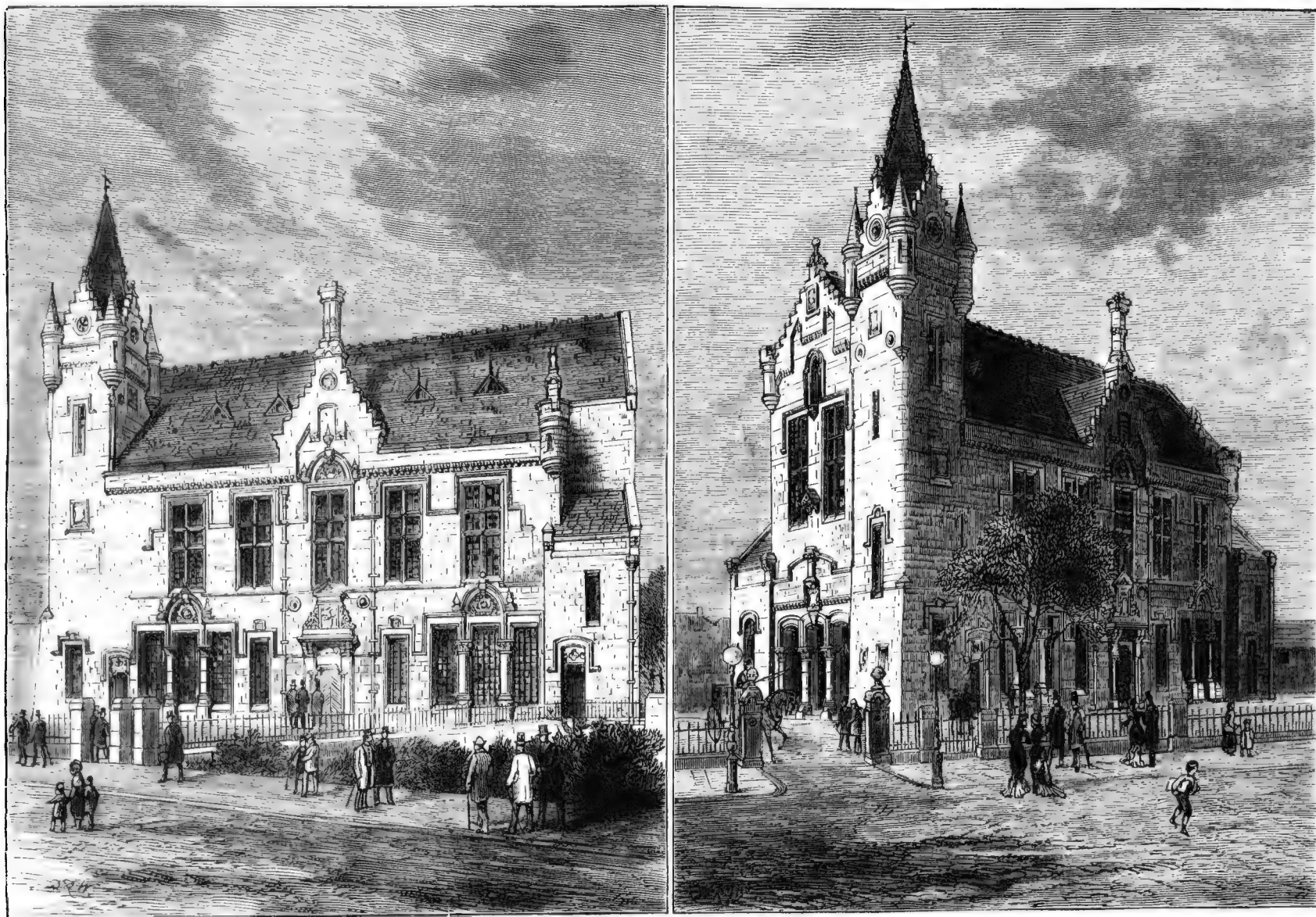


Corp. Mitchell, Private Donovan, Private Chipps, Corp. McNully, Private Weston, Capt. Macaulay, Capt. Laurell,
21st Reg. 21st Reg. 94th Reg. 21st Reg. 21st Reg. Transvaal Mounted Infantry 4th Hussars

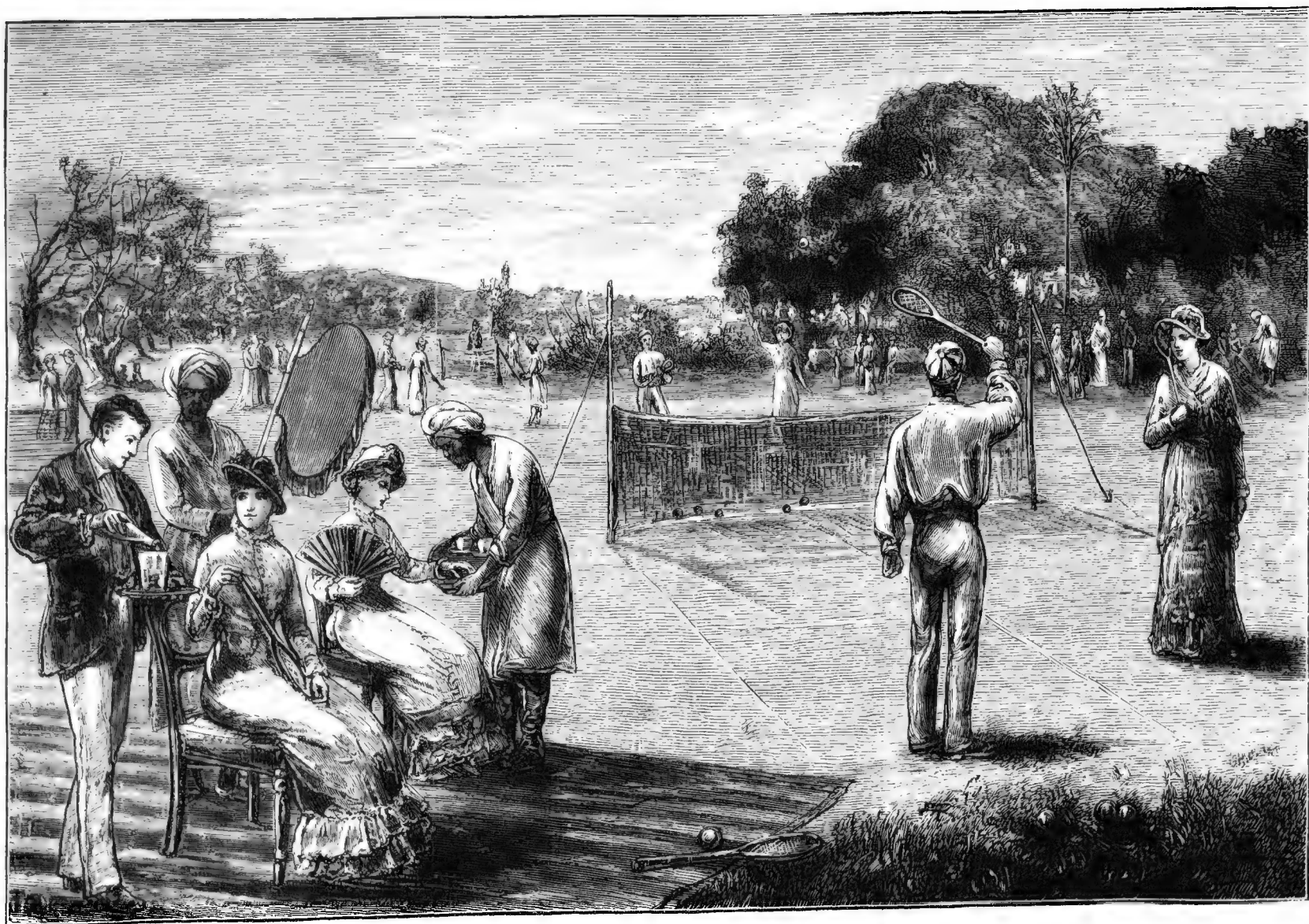
SKETCHES FROM SOUTH AFRICA — GRAVES OF THOSE WHO FELL IN THE ATTACK ON SEKUKUNI'S STRONGHOLD



THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN — DEPORTATION OF SIRDARS INTO INDIA: A HALT FOR PRAYER AT SUNSET



THE NEW BURG HALL OF CROSSHILL AND GOVAN HILL, GLASGOW



SKETCHES FROM INDIA—AN AFTERNOON IN THE PLAINS



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—One step further has been taken towards the settlement of the Greek question—the Sultan, stirred to action by the initiative of England in proposing a Technical Commission to define the frontier line, has agreed to sanction the new line proposed by his Ministers as the basis of negotiations. The Greeks, however, on their side are now showing signs of hesitating, as by employing the mediation of the Powers they hope to obtain more important concessions than they could by direct negotiations with the Porte. There is little other news from Eastern Europe save that Roumania is delighted at having her independence recognised, and at Great Britain having at last appointed her Consul-General, Mr. W. A. White, Minister and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Prince Charles, while Servia also has been congratulated by her Prince on the ratification of the Treaty of Commerce with Great Britain. Roumania, now feeling herself to be one of the Powers of Europe, is beginning to discuss the "coming war," and the organ of the Liberals and the Government party, the *Romanul*, has been urging that the Government should at once study the question, and decide whether an alliance with France and Russia or with Germany and Austria, or again an armed neutrality, would be the best course to be adopted by the Principality. A conspiracy against the life of the Sultan is said to have been discovered, and a man of Greek parentage, though a naturalised British subject, has been arrested, and some bombs have been found in his house.

Colonel Syngé, who has long resided at Tricoviste, near Salonica, and who has only recently returned from distributing food and clothing among the Bulgarian refugees, has, together with his wife, been kidnapped by Greek brigands and carried off to the mountains. Colonel Syngé, however, found means of communicating with the British Consul, Mr. Blunt, and begged him not to allow any troops to be sent in pursuit, as the chief, Niko—a notorious bandit—would undoubtedly murder both his victims were he hard pressed at any time. Mr. Blunt complied with his request, and at once set off to Kalerna to open negotiations with the brigands, and succeeded in opening communication with them. A very heavy ransom is demanded, amounting, it is said, to 15,000*l*.

FRANCE.—Free trade in commerce and religion has been the chief Parliamentary bone of contention this week—the Tariff Bills and M. Jules Ferry's much-discussed Bill on Superior Education, which prohibits the education of the young by Jesuit professors, having been respectively brought before the Chamber and the Senate. M. Rouher, roused by the old cry which in Imperial days of yore never failed to bring him to the front, made an admirable speech in favour of the principles of Free Trade, reviewed in the most masterly manner the history of the various portions of commerce in which France has taken part, and traced the rise of French trade since 1869, namely, from the value of 156,000,000*l*. to 240,000,000*l*. As for the theory that it is a sign of distress for the imports of a country to exceed its exports, he declared that the excess of raw material showed an indication of manufacturing industry of which the products were in a large proportion utilised at home, the extra cost being thus saved to the nation. As for the Ferry Bill, the campaign was opened by energetic M. de Chesnelong, who warmly defended the Jesuits, declared that Article 7 was a "confiscation of religious liberty," and that fathers of families had a perfect right to bring up their children as they thought fit. M. Eugène Pelletan then took up the gauntlet, and, characterising the Jesuits as a "religious and political militia," compared them to an army camped in the midst of France without being French, and declared that they recognised no country as their own, were two hundred years behind the world in thought, and that they advocated the system of Government by which the King, it is true, reigns, but the confessor governs. The only other Parliamentary item is that M. John Lemoine, the well-known editor of the *Journal des Débats*, has been made a life-senator.

Almost simultaneously with the attempt to blow up the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, a man has been arrested in Paris for being concerned in the wrecking of the Imperial train at Moscow. His assumed name is Mayer, but he is suspected of being the man Hartmann, who owned the house from whence the mine was fired. There is no extradition Treaty between Russia and France, and considerable discussion has consequently arisen as to whether or no the French Government would be justified in delivering him up to the Russian police. The Monarchists strongly urge this course, as they regard him as a regicide; the Left oppose it on the ground that he is a political offender; while the Russian Government officially apply for his extradition as a common-law offender. In the mean time the French Government have asked for more complete proofs of his identity, and are holding Cabinet Councils on the question, while Mayer or Hartmann himself is said on the one hand to maintain his innocence, and on the other to have confessed his crime; but, be this as it may, he naturally contests the right of the French Government to arrest him, much more to give him up to the Russian authorities. The Russian Government, however, have the affair greatly at heart, and Prince Orloff has unofficially intimated that if Hartmann is not surrendered he will leave Paris, and diplomatic relations will be carried on by a *Chargé d'Affaires*. This difficulty forms almost the sole topic in Paris, which, as becomes the Lenten season, is decorously dull. The mortality continues to be above the average, typhoid fever is greatly on the increase, while small-pox numbers seventy deaths weekly. A statue of the Republic, cast in 1850, but shelved during the Empire, has been placed in front of the Institute. Wednesday was the eve of Victor Hugo's seventy-eighth birthday, and the fiftieth anniversary of the production of *Hernani*. The double event was celebrated by a special performance of the tragedy at the Français, after which Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt recited some verses by François Coppée, and crowned M. Hugo's bust.

RUSSIA.—As a full and complete account of events in connection with the attempt to blow up the Winter Palace is given in our Special Supplement, there is little further to say here, save that the rumours of the Czar's intention to abdicate during the coming fêtes in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession are increasing. The arrest in Paris of the man presumed to have been the instigator of the Moscow explosion has called forth long articles from the St. Petersburg Press, and the question of his surrender is warmly discussed, the *Journal de St. Petersburg* declaring that if the demand is complied with Russia will have gained a victory for international law. "Let there be no more asylums for assassins. Let regicides know that they can no longer feel secure when they have passed the frontier." The *Viedomosti*, in stating that the Communists and Nihilists are manifestly in league, calls for common measures on the part of all the Governments to combat this danger, as there is a manifest connection between the attempted assassinations in Russia and the secret societies of Europe. Vera Sassulitch is said to be back in St. Petersburg, and the police are vigilantly searching for her.

There is a terrible feeling of uneasiness at St. Petersburg, and society is represented to be absolutely panic-stricken owing to the avowed threat of the Nihilists to execute some terrible deed of vengeance upon March 2 during the fêtes. The leading opera singers have been warned that the Opera House is to be blown up, and it is said that when opera goes learn that the Czar is likely to be present

they carefully keep away for that evening. There is a good deal of popular indignation against the students, who are suspected to be at the bottom of these menaces and crimes, and the inhabitants declare that should any catastrophe occur they will burn down the University and lynch the students. General Gourko has evidently fallen into disfavour, as he has been superseded and replaced by General Loris Melikoff as Governor-General of St. Petersburg.

The preparations for the coming Turcoman Expedition are being energetically pushed forward, and in the mean time comes the news of a victory gained on the 15th inst. by General Mouravieff over the Tekkes under Tikmar Sirdar, who with 400 men had attempted to seize a Russian transport train.

GERMANY.—Although the greatest sympathy is expressed on all sides with the Czar in his present troubles, the journals do not hesitate to discuss the probability of the "coming war," which in many quarters of Europe is confidently prophesied, and the *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* has once more startled the world by declaring that on the western frontier of Russia great military preparations are being made, and accordingly drawing its conclusions that while neither Russia nor France need fear an attack from Germany, these preparations prove that both Russia and France are determined on an aggressive policy towards Germany. The *Berlin Post* also accuses the Russians of having entered into the inheritance of the Napoleonic policy of "world conquest." The presumed aggressive policy of Russia, however, so insisted upon by the first-named paper, has been qualified by a communication to the same journal, "from a noteworthy quarter," which contends that every State should provide for all possible contingencies, and reminds people that for half a century previous to 1812 Russia had no cause of fearing any hostile attitude on the part of Germany, but that in that year the Czar's territory was completely invaded—an event which none could have foreseen. "The fact, moreover, that neither France nor Russia need to apprehend an attack from Germany is no reason why Russia should leave her doors open." The "war scare" article, as it is called, however, is somewhat explained by an article in the semi-official *Provincial Correspondence*, in which the Panslavists are bitterly attacked, and accused of seeking to influence the minds of the people for a conflict abroad, and are classed with the Nihilists, who "are gratifying their thirst for destruction and confusion by ruthless attempts against the life of the Monarch."

The Socialists have come to the fore again in the Reichstag, and on the motion of Herr Hasenclever the suspension of criminal proceedings during the Session against Herren Fritzsche and Hasselman, two prominent Social-Democrat Deputies, who have been expelled from Berlin, has been voted.

ITALY.—The Bill for Electoral Reforms was duly brought forward in the Chamber on Tuesday, and the debate may be speedily expected. The only noteworthy Parliamentary incident has been a discussion on the Naval Estimates, in which the Marine Minister declared that the *Dulio* was absolutely superior to any other ironclad as regards the power of her machinery and armament. Only the British ironclad *Alexandra* possessed a slight superiority over her in speed.

The Pope has received the usual congratulations on the completion of the second anniversary of his election. In replying to the Cardinals, he referred to the attempts upon the Czar of Russia, and proceeded to deplore the symptoms of social corruption which were continually manifesting themselves. According to a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Pope is at variance with the Swiss Guards, which corps, together with that of the Carabinieri, he had determined to disband, forming instead a fresh corps under the title of the Papal Guards. He has encountered, however, the greatest opposition from the Guards themselves, and the Swiss rebel, and insist upon being maintained at their posts. The Irish, notwithstanding their distress, have contributed 85*l*. to the Peter's Pence Fund this year—a fact which excites the admiration of the Vatican journals.

INDIA.—Sir John Strachey's Financial Statement this year is unexpectedly favourable. In the year 1878-79 there was a surplus of 2,044,000*l*., and in 1879-80 of 119,000*l*., while the budget for 1880-81 shows a surplus of 417,000*l*. The foregoing surpluses are all calculated after subtracting the expenses of the famine, the Afghan war, and the frontier railway, the total war expenditure (*i.e.*, the cost of the Afghan war) to the end of 1880-81 being estimated at 5,750,000*l*.; and of this 676,000*l*. was spent in 1878-79, 3,216,000*l*. in 1879-80, and 2,090,000*l*. is calculated for 1880-81. The total expenditure on frontier railways during these three years will be 3,500,000*l*., and on productive works, 9,581,000*l*. No loans will be required during the coming year unless unforeseen circumstances necessitate them, and Sir John Strachey does not consider fresh taxation desirable. The only changes therefore are that all incomes below 500 rupees will be exempted from the licence-tax, while the export duties on indigo and lac are abandoned, and no export duty remains save that on rice. The improvement in the finances last year compared with the estimate is due to the following items—opium, exchange, public works (savings), land revenue, salt, and interest. Sir John Strachey also announced that the Army Commission recommends important measures for increasing the efficiency of the army combined with an estimated annual saving of 1,250,000*l*., not included in the Budget. A comparison between the present total of the ordinary expenditure compared with that of twelve years back shows, apart from the loss by exchange, only a trifling increase either in the civil or military charges.

UNITED STATES.—Wednesday's meeting of the New York Republican Convention at Utica was looked forward to with the greatest interest, as it was expected that the delegate to Chicago would be instructed to support General Grant as a Republican candidate for the Presidency. This expectation will in all probability be realised, as it was evident at the first meeting that the Convention is thoroughly controlled by General Grant's party. On their side, the Democrats are not idle, and the National Democratic Executive Committee has met at Washington, and has decided to call a National Convention at Cincinnati on June 22.

In San Francisco the anti-Chinese fever is spreading, and on Sunday the Board of Health declared the Chinese Quarter a nuisance, and unanimously voted that "its features justifying such a stigma should forthwith be abated."

The subscriptions in aid of the distressed Irish continue to pour in, and on Wednesday the *New York Herald* fund amounted to 48,728*l*., while the aggregate American subscription had attained 162,640*l*. The House of Representatives, also, has passed a resolution authorising the Secretary of the Navy to select a Government vessel to carry contributions free of charge to Ireland. Mr. Parnell continues to lecture and to express disapproval of the *New York Herald* fund. He is not on the Committee of that journal, as Mr. Bennett declined to accept him "under conditions," and the Rev. George Hepworth has been appointed in his place.

M. de Lesseps has been to New York to lecture on his Panama Canal scheme. He does not intend to seek the aid of the United States Government, but proposes offering half the Canal capital for American subscription.

AUSTRALASIA.—The VICTORIA Parliament re-assembled on the 20th inst. The "Corner" members who seceded from the Ministerial party during the debate on the Reform Bill, have formed a new Liberal Association with the object of bringing about a speedy solution of the Constitutional question by conciliatory means. The harvest is well advanced, and it is expected that 150,000 tons of wheat will be available for export.—In NEW SOUTH WALES Parliament met on the 13th inst. Duties on wine and spirits have been approved, but those on Colonial wine, ale, and tobacco are with-

drawn. Sir Henry Parke's Unsectarian Education Bill is meeting with great opposition from both Roman Catholics and Anglicans.—Scott and Rogan, the Wanta Bodgery bushrangers, have been executed.—In NEW ZEALAND a Royal Commission will shortly sit to inquire into the alleged promises to the Maories. A peaceful settlement of the native affairs at the close of its labours is expected.



THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice left town on Saturday for Windsor Castle. Whilst staying at Buckingham Palace Her Majesty visited the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and entertained Prince Leiningen and the Count and Countess Gleichen and their daughter at dinner, Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold going to a debate at the House of Lords and to the St. James's Theatre, and the Princess also visiting the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters also lunched with the Queen on Saturday. Next morning Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. H. White preached, and subsequently the Princess Christian lunched at the Castle, while in the evening the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley and the Rev. H. White dined with the Queen. The Marquis of Hertford had audience of Her Majesty on Monday to deliver up the Collar of the Grand Cross of the Bath worn by the late Sir Hamilton Seymour, and later in the day Princess Christian visited the Queen. On Tuesday the Duke of Edinburgh brought his four children down to Windsor to stay with Her Majesty, and took leave of the Queen and his family on his departure for St. Petersburg to fetch home the Duchess. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice went to Chislehurst on Wednesday to see the ex-Empress Eugénie, first visiting the chapel and laying wreaths on the tombs of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, and on Thursday Her Majesty would hold a Council at Windsor Castle.—The Queen will spend a few days in town the week after next, when Her Majesty will hold a *levée* on the 10th, and a Drawing Room on the 12th inst.—The Queen will probably go to Germany this spring in order to visit the tomb of Princess Alice at Darmstadt.—Her Majesty has inspected Mr. Bassano's busts of the Duke of Connaught and Prince Louis Napoleon.—A present of two Free State mules and two enormous North American mules from Sir Garnet Wolseley to Her Majesty, and a similar gift from General Clifford of two Zulu cows and two Zulu trek oxen, named after Cetewayo and his brother, have arrived in England from the Cape.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Princesses Victoria and Maud, attended Divine Service on Sunday morning at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where the Bishop of Winchester preached. On Monday they took their daughters to a morning performance of the *Children's Pinafore* at the Opera Comique, and in the evening dined with the Duke of Cambridge. Next day they went down to Claremont to stay with Prince Leopold, and were present at the Sandown Park Race Meeting, being again on the course on Wednesday.—Great preparations are being made at Truro for the Prince and Princess's visit at Whitsuntide, where they stay with Lord Falmouth at Tregothlan. The Prince will lay two foundation stones of the Cathedral, one Ecclesiastically at the west, the other Masonically at the north.

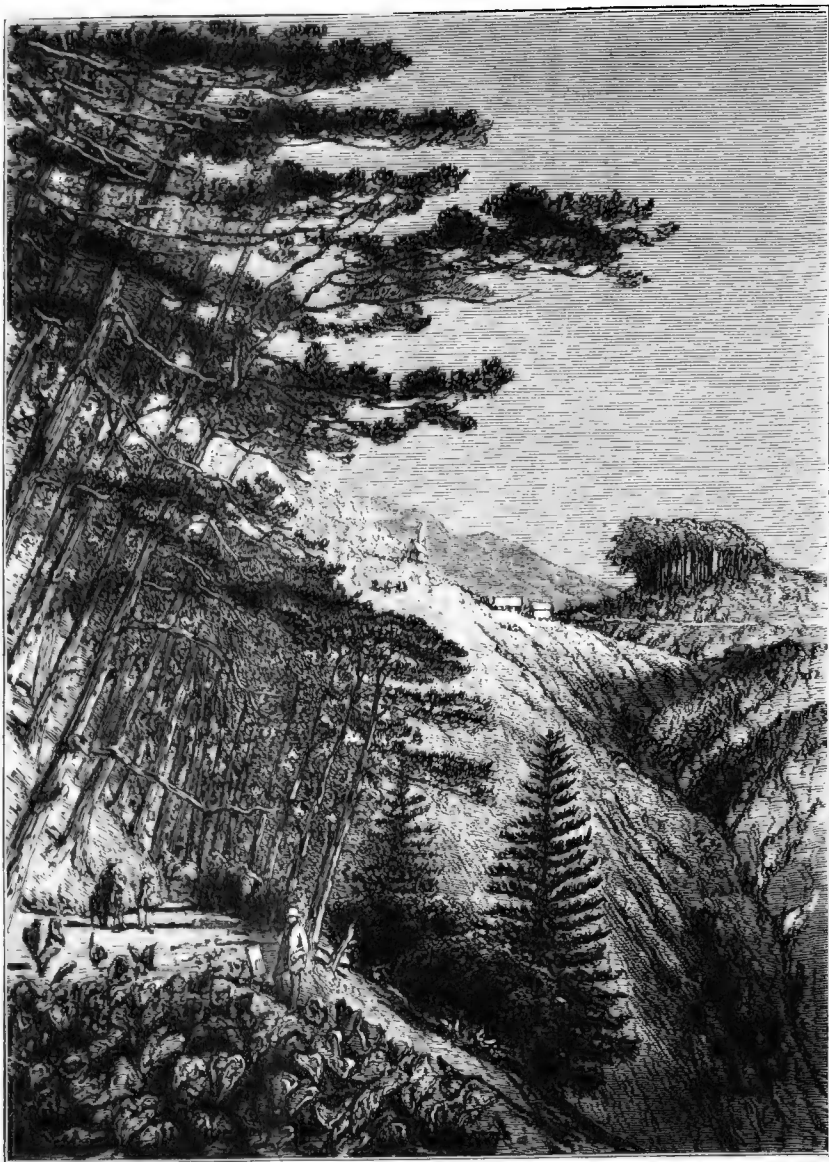
The Princess Louise continues to suffer considerably from the effects of her recent accident, although she is stated to be progressing favourably. Complete rest is absolutely necessary, and the Princess will be unable to join in any public ceremony for some time, owing to the severe injuries to her head and neck. The residence of the Princess and the Marquis near Tunbridge Wells, Dornden, has just been sold.—The Duke of Edinburgh visited Brighton on Monday, where he inspected the coastguard stations at Cliftonville, Fishergate, and Lancing. On Tuesday he left England for Russia, travelling *via* Brussels and Berlin, and is expected at St. Petersburg to-day (Saturday).—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught last week visited the Ladies' Work Society, Sloane Street, of which the Princess Louise is president. On Wednesday night the Duke presided at the dinner in aid of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, Lower Seymour Street.—Prince Leopold will preside at the meeting of the Royal Masonic Pupils' Assistance Fund on March 10th.—The Duchess of Teck on Saturday evening, presented the prizes to the successful members of the Post Office Volunteers, and, in company with the Duke, dined with the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress.

The Empress of Austria was out with the Ward Deerhounds at Culmullen on Monday, when her Majesty joined in a brilliant run, and during most of the time was in the first flight.—The Empress of Russia is said to be in a most critical condition, falling at times for hours into a state of coma.—The Empress Eugénie will leave for Zululand on Good Friday. She will stay there about ten days.



DAY OF SPECIAL PRAYER FOR IRELAND.—The Irish branch of the Evangelical Alliance, in announcing the 17th of March (St. Patrick's Day) as a day of Special and United Prayer for Ireland, remarks that the present condition of the country gives unusual significance to this annual observance. The agitation and social disturbance, and the widespread famine and distress, remind them that "God has still a controversy with the people." They lament the ignorance and spiritual darkness which covers so large a portion of Ireland, the rejection of Gospel Truth by so many of their fellow-countrymen, and the prevalence of intemperance, and they earnestly suggest to the ministers and members of all churches, throughout the country, that as an appropriate sequel to the Day of Prayer, the week following it should be devoted to Special Services for the stirring up and edification of the people of God, and for the preaching of the Gospel.

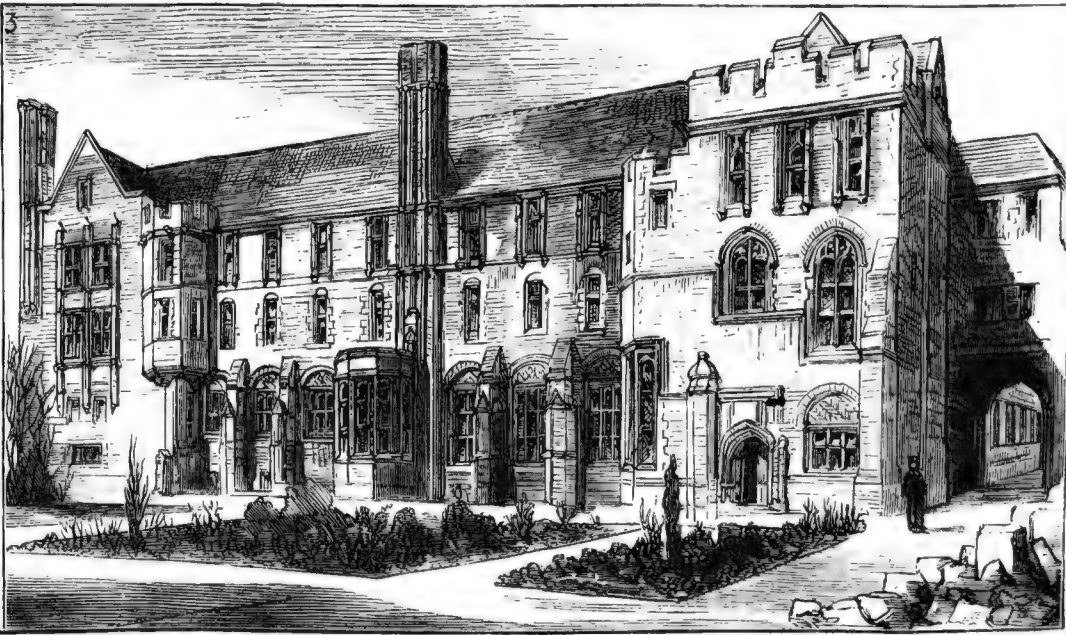
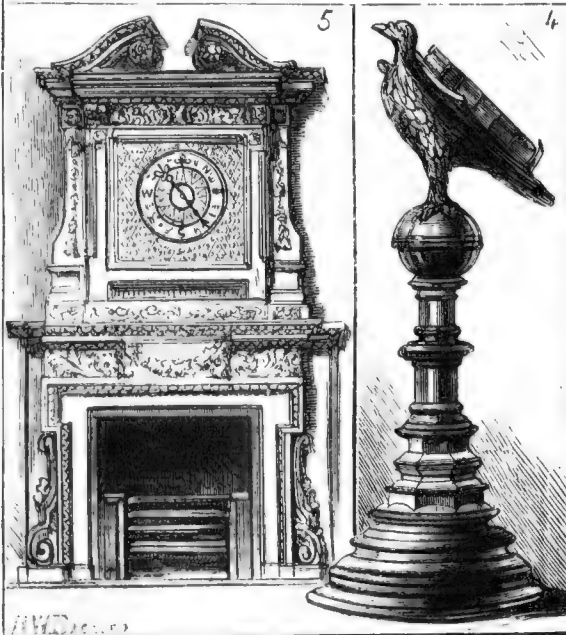
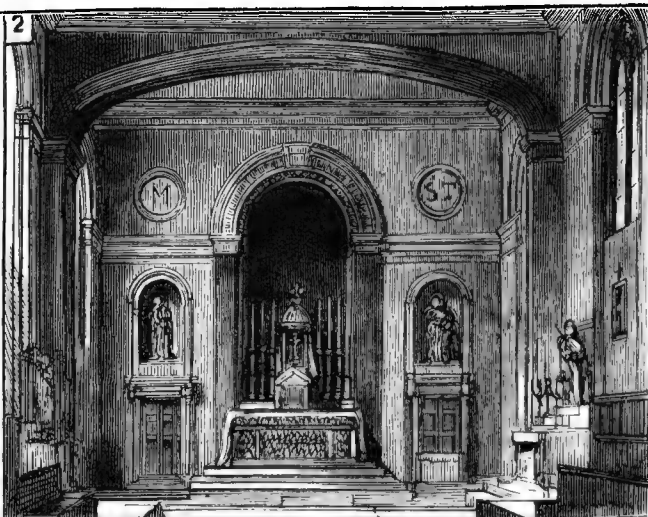
THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel passed off without the "scene" which had been expected. Archdeacon Denison attended, but after saying that he had received an "explanation" from the Bishop of Worcester, and expressing a hope that the Bishop of Exeter would ere long "satisfy the conscience of his brethren," he withdrew his motion to omit the names of those prelates from the list of Vice-Presidents. The Rev. H. R. Baker had a similar amendment on the paper with regard to the Bishop of Worcester, and he declined to withdraw it except a certain letter from the Bishop of Cape Town to the Secretary of the Society was read to the meeting. This gave rise to an animated discussion, in which the legal aspect of Dr. Colenso's position was canvassed, and attention called to his having taken an oath of canonical obedience to the Metropolitan of Cape Town. Ultimately it was decided that the Standing Committee should be asked to print and circulate the letter, which the Secretary, acting under their instructions, refused to produce. Mr. Baker's motion was withdrawn, and the Episcopal Vice-Presidents were elected without a



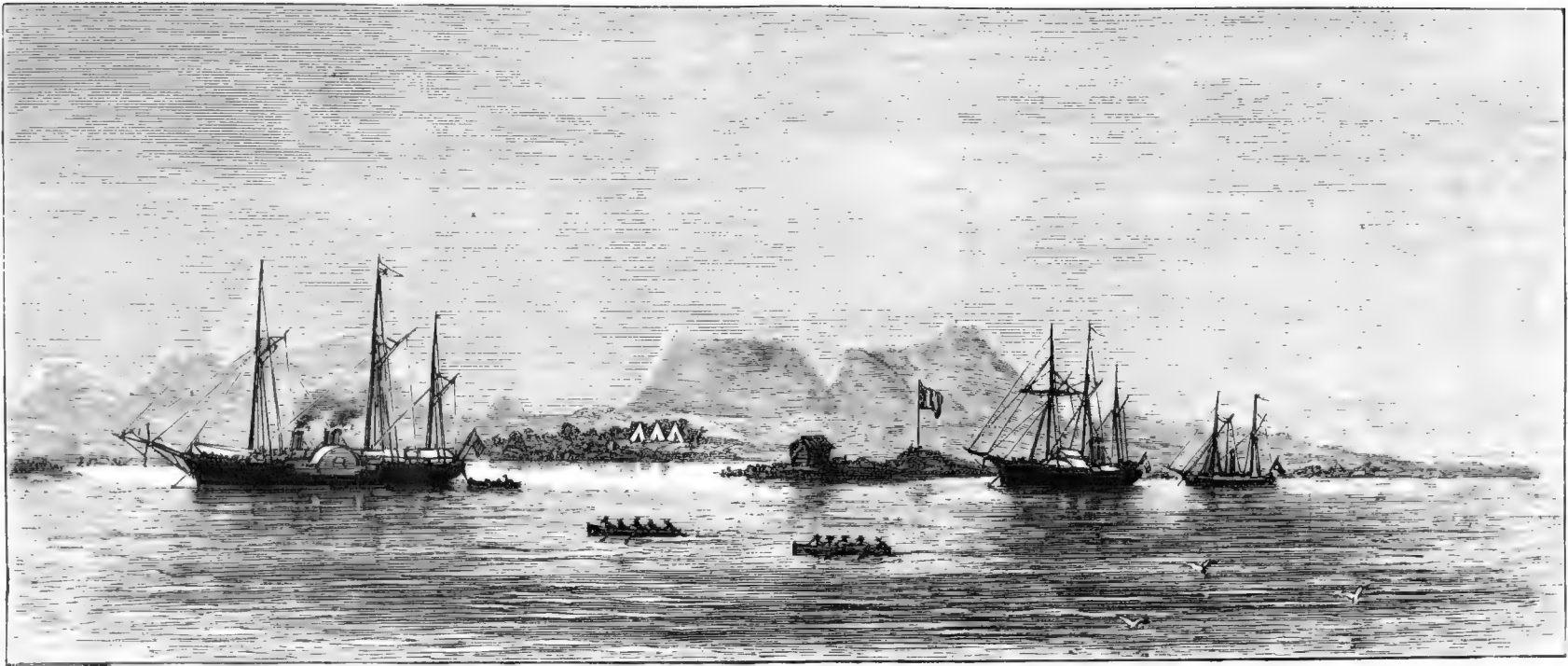
HALLEY'S MOUNT AND HUTT'S GATE, FROM WOODY RIDGE, ST. HELENA
Site of the Proposed Monument to Halley, the Astronomer, and the Spot where his Observatory formerly stood



SYDNEY ILLUSTRATED—STATUE OF CAPTAIN COOK, HYDE PARK



1. The Old Conventual Buildings.—2. The Old Chapel.—3. The Garden Front.—4. Old Bronze Choir Lectern from the Chapel.—5. The Mantel-piece, Cupola House.
VANISHING LONDON—THE OLD CONVENT AND CUPOLA HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH



ASAB BAY, STRAITS OF BAB-EL-MANDEB — THE FIRST ITALIAN SETTLEMENT IN AFRICA

THE OLD CONVENT AT HAMMERSMITH AND CUPOLA HOUSE

THE date of the foundation of the Old Convent at Hammersmith cannot be clearly ascertained. Lysons, in his "Environs of London," alludes to a tradition existing in the neighbourhood, that this convent dates from a period previous to the Reformation, and that it escaped at the Dissolution of the Monasteries on account of its poverty and obscurity. What is known for certain, is that one of the Beddingfield family, with the assistance of Catherine of Braganza, established there a boarding-school for young ladies, and subsequently became Lady Superior of the community, which went under the title of "Les Dames Anglaises." (In addition to the House at Hammersmith they possessed several convents in Belgium and Germany.) It seems, however, pretty certain that this was not the first foundation. It has generally been supposed that the present building dates from the reign of Charles II., but experienced judges who have examined it are of opinion that the portion nearest to the chapel shows marks of earlier construction. The whole has, however, been so patched up and altered that it is difficult to speak with certainty upon the subject.

Titus Oates paid one of his infamous visits to this place for the purpose of hunting out "Popish Recusants." Although the Gordon Rioters were expected they never got so far as Hammersmith.

Many of the Roman Catholic Bishops and Vicars Apostolic have lived in this old building, and, notwithstanding all the changes which have taken place, it is the residence of a Roman Prelate, the Right Rev. Bishop Withers.

Cupola House, which adjoins the conventual buildings, was the residence of the Portuguese Ambassadors, who established themselves there as a kind of protection to the nuns and their school, at which many of the daughters of the leading Roman Catholic nobility and gentry were educated. It was probably owing to this fact that Mass has always been said there in public, for even during the times when the penal enactments were most vigorously enforced the Ambassadors from foreign Courts had the privilege of maintaining a chapel of their own religion.

At the period of the French Revolution the community of the convent had greatly decreased, and the nuns were glad to welcome within its walls some Benedictines driven from France by the fierce persecution of the French Revolutionists. After a time the convent was handed over to the Benedictine Order, and they retained possession of it until about twenty years back, when finding the place too small, and unsuited to their requirements, they migrated to a handsome new abbey erected for them at Teignmouth, in Devonshire.

Other Orders attempted to establish themselves in the old building, but without success, until, about six or seven years back, Archbishop Manning converted the place into a seminary for the education of

priests, but although a considerable sum of money was expended upon attempts to patch up the old building it was found impossible to make it answer its new requirements, and it was finally determined that it should be pulled down and entirely rebuilt. A new college was then commenced, the buildings of which will ultimately form a spacious quadrangle, two sides of which are now completed and a third in course of construction. The new buildings are in the Perpendicular style of architecture, from the design of J. F. Bentley; they are plain, but solid and dignified, and will add not a little to that gentleman's professional reputation. The garden front, of which we give an illustration, is a picturesque and bold composition (see Sketch No. 3). The old chapel now in course of demolition is represented in our Sketch No. 2; it was of no particular antiquity, but a fine old fifteenth century choir lectern of bronze was preserved in it (this is represented in our Sketch No. 4). The general appearance of the old buildings may be seen in our sketch No. 1.

Cupola House is a fair example of a building of the time of William III., and contains some good mantel-pieces, the most interesting of which is one with a "wind gauge" above it; the whole of which is richly carved in wood, and the dial plate which is by the firm of Bennet is probably of the same date. The mantel-piece is represented in our Sketch No. 5. One of the rooms contains a good ceiling in the Roccoco style.

II. W. B.



The New Organ presented by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

The Exterior

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE, SANDRINGHAM

jury were an hour and a half in consultation before delivering their verdict. The Judge complimented them on the care, attention, and patience with which they had listened to the case; and, as the only recompense in his power to bestow, promised that he would take care that they were not again called upon to serve for a long time. He ordered the costs of the prosecution to be paid out of such of the property as had passed into the prisoner's hands.

COFFEE MUSIC HALLS AND TAVERNS.—On Saturday Dean Stanley presided in the Jerusalem Chamber at a meeting of influential ladies and gentlemen who are anxious to extend the Coffee Palace movement by the establishment of Coffee Music Halls. A fund of 2,000l. has already been subscribed for the purpose, and 8,000l. more is wanted. Among the resolutions passed was one expressing approval of "any efforts that might be made in the direction of improving the character of the musical entertain-

ments of the people." This was moved by Mr. John Hullah, who said that visits to popular music halls which he had recently made had impressed him, first, with the remarkably good behaviour of the audiences, and with the astonishing, the stupendous, the incredible dullness of the entertainments.—Lord Derby, speaking on Wednesday at the annual meeting of the Coffee Taverns Company, said that there were two facts which temperance advocates would do well to dilate upon. One was, that every time a man drank 3d. worth of beer he swallowed a yard of land; and the other, that whenever they bought 6d. of spirits they made a free gift of 5d. to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

WITCHCRAFT IN RUSSIA is still firmly believed in by the peasantry to judge from a statement in the *Cologne Gazette*, which affirms that there is scarcely a village without its "Kaldunya," (witch), "Klikusha" (screaming woman), or "Yurodivi" (inspired idiot), and that the belief in men and cattle being bewitched is

almost universal. The fanatic "Chlisti," a sect whose members fast and scourge themselves into a state of mania, is widespread, but these superstitious opinions are solely confined to the rural population.

THE SYDNEY EXHIBITION closes next month. From the opening day (September 17) to the end of the year the building was visited by 404,336 persons, and amongst the greatest attractions were the Italian Statuary and the Japanese exhibits, particularly the lacquered wares produced by the aid of the sap of the *Rhus vernicifera*, said to be cultivated for this special purpose. There is much discontent in India respecting the poor show of teas at the Exhibition, and also because visitors have no means of judging of their quality, and so open up a new market. As in the present state of increased cultivation of the plant a new market is greatly needed, Indian merchants have eagerly taken up the subject, and intend to furnish a goodly show at Melbourne.

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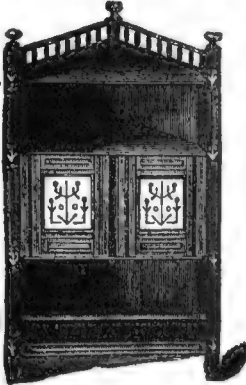
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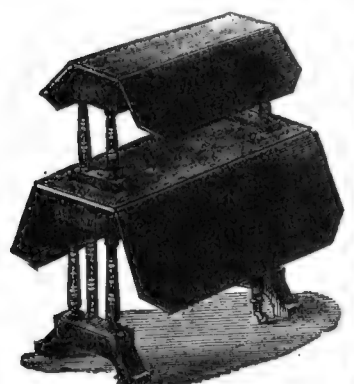
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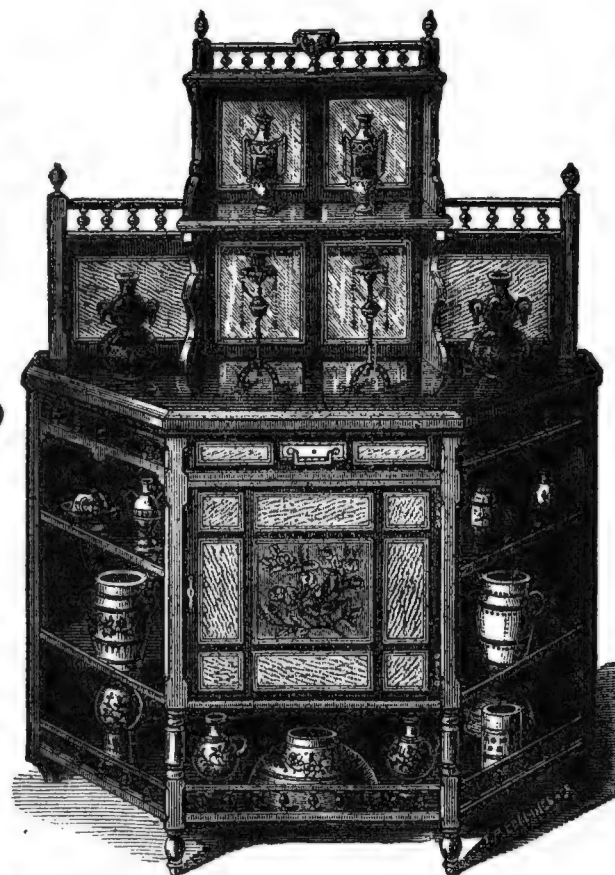
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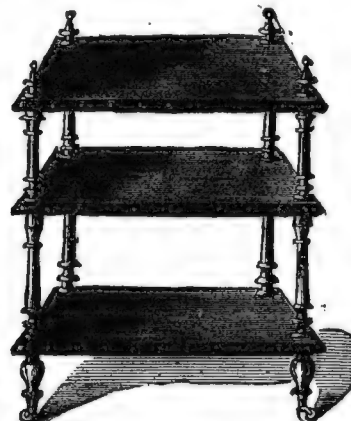
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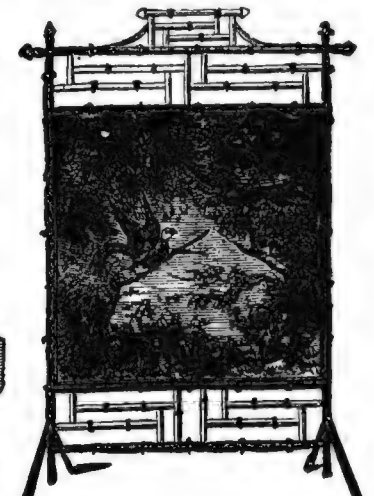
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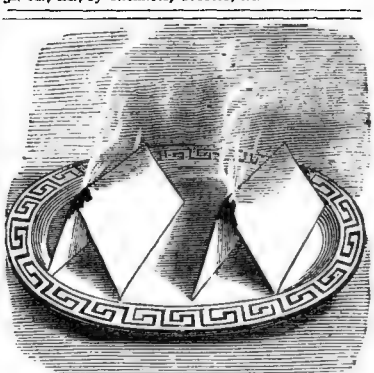
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THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CZAR.

IN AND ABOUT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

THE REIGN OF ALEXANDER II.

"YOU will find the burden heavy," were almost the last words of the Emperor Nicholas, when, conscious of his own approaching death, he summoned his children to his bedside, and made over to the Czarewitch the Imperial throne. The Emperor Alexander must often have reflected on the sadly prophetic nature of these words.

Born in April, 1818, Alexander was thirty-seven years old when his father Nicholas died. His first act was to issue a manifesto to the nation, notifying his accession, and declaring his intention "to uphold the glory of the Empire, and to accomplish the schemes and desires of our illustrious predecessors, Peter, Catherine, Alexander the well-beloved, and our father of imperishable memory." The character of the new Emperor was, however, widely different from that of his father Nicholas, who was simply a military despot, whose ambition to dominate over Europe led him to neglect the internal interests of his own country. Alexander's predilection for a civil rather than a military life was well known; and though he continued the Crimean War, which his father had begun, until his troops were completely beaten by the combined Powers, and Sebastopol was taken, no sooner had peace been concluded than he set about the inauguration of a number of important social reforms. The army was reduced to the lowest possible limits compatible with the dignity and safety of the Empire; and great efforts were made to place the national finances on a firm basis, and promote commercial prosperity. But the greatest reform of all was the edict of March 3rd, 1861, by which some 23,000,000 human beings were emancipated from serfdom and invested with certain rights over the land they cultivated, while a complete system of local self-government was established. Another great change in the direction of reform was the mitigation of the censorship of the Press, the newspapers of St. Petersburg and Moscow receiving the right to choose between censorship or the liberty of appearing at their own risk and peril; in the latter case the paper being suspended or suppressed after three warnings. The result of this was naturally to give a great impetus to literature, art and science were also greatly developed,

and some valuable improvements effected in the Universities and other educational institutions; seminaries for young girls of all classes being added to those for the daughters of the nobility which had been established by Catherine II. These reforms were effected by Alexander after much opposition from certain of the nobles, and it would seem that even when nominally established they were not really put into practice. The author of "Russia Before and After the War" says that "scarcely anything has contributed so much to poison public opinion, and increase the hostility entertained by even moderate Liberals against those in power, as the despotism and yet hypocritical system pursued in the treatment of the Press. On paper there is absolute liberty, but in practice there are vexations of the pettiest and the most perverse description. This preventive censorship outside the two capitals makes the public absolutely dependent on the papers of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and these are regularly interdicted from discussing those subjects which are of most interest to their readers. In the spring of last year the *Golos* received a warning for having expressed surprise that a boy of eleven should have been excluded from the Gymnasium at Odessa for his 'political opinions,' and hundreds of such cases might be cited. This Press system is but a part of a larger system. In the administration of justice we find on the one hand publicity and ample show of discussion during the proceedings and in the jury-box; on the other a practice which removes inconvenient persons from the cognisance of a tribunal, and sends them 'administratively' to Siberia; on the one side the abolition of corporal chastisement as a criminal and disciplinary punishment; on the other incessant floggings in secret; on the one side a recognition of the principles of self-government in the provinces, towns, and circles; on the other, the impossibility of turning this to any practical use through fear of displeasing the Governors, Ministers, Councillors, or Chiefs of Gendarmerie; on the one side a strict demarcation of power among the various authorities, and a distinct separation of judicial from administrative functions; on the other, an unbounded exercise of arbitrary power by the higher police officials, who in their turn are ruled over by the 'Third Section,' whose 'supreme command' overrides everything else." The Foreign policy of Russia has been dis-

cussed *ad nauseam*. All that need be here remarked is the certainty that the late war against Turkey was the act of the nation more than of the Czar, and that disappointment at its results has added much to the general ill-feeling which exists towards the Government.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* observes that "Alexander II. is one of those men who should live a hundred years to see their work bear fruit. It has been the misfortune of his well-meaning reign to check dishonesty in some quarters without being able to do so in others—that is, the category of placemen who can rob without being robbed has been enlarged, to the general confusion and dissatisfaction. A system under which black-mail is regularly levied everywhere is intelligible; but for a minor official to feel that he is being plundered of his pay without having the right to retaliate upon one lower than himself does not tend to the efficiency of the public service. The great majority of smaller Russian officials are Nihilists; while the higher ones are *frondeurs*, who sneer at and abuse the Czar for not giving them more hearty support than he does. The Czar is of course not blind to what goes on around him, but he dare not act for fear that one imprudent move of his may bring down the whole cranky fabric upon which his throne rests. It may well be believed, however, that no monarch has ever had better intentions than he, though it is idle to expect that the harvest of good he hoped to reap will be seen in the time of any man now living. Russia is almost as much a jungle as ever. Years must elapse before its soil can receive the seeds of such civilisation as flourishes in other countries more or less luxuriantly according to the freedom they enjoy."

THE EXPLOSION IN THE WINTER PALACE

THE abominable outrage perpetrated at St. Petersburg on Tuesday, the 17th inst., has sent a thrill of horror and indignation throughout the whole of Europe. Since the last attempt on the life of the Czar, the explosion of a mine on the railway near Moscow, the most extraordinary precautions have been taken to ensure his safety. His carriage and sledge are lined with sheets of steel, and his uniform with bullet-proof wadding. He rarely goes out, and when he does so, he is surrounded by a cloud of military officers,



THE WINTER PALACE FROM THE ÉTAT MAJOR

and agents of the secret police, who only learn where he intends to go half-an-hour before starting, and are even then bound to secrecy. Within the Palace His Majesty no longer gives audience in his private apartments, nor will he open or read a letter, despatch, or newspaper himself. His linen, and in fact, all his garments are most carefully watched and attended to by trusty servants lest they should be poisoned, and though extremely fond of smoking, he now entirely abstains, for fear cigars or cigarettes should be chosen by the Nihilists as offering the greatest facility for the accomplishment of their deadly purpose. The Imperial cooks are under the constant supervision of two secret police agents, who watch the preparation of every meal. When a dish is at length ready (everything is now cooked in the most simple way, and no sauces are allowed) it is tasted by two police officials before being served to the Czar.

So diverse, and, in many respects, contradictory, are the statements from different sources that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to ascertain what is really the truth. It is certain, however, that for weeks past reports have been current that something dreadful was about to happen, and it is even said that in consequence of large quantities of dynamite being discovered in the precincts of the Winter Palace, the basement portion of the building had been minutely examined, and a service of regular inspection established. On the other hand we have it affirmed that the domestic arrangements were such that it would have been quite an easy matter for some Nihilist conspirator to make his way in and out of the building among the great crowd of servitors employed there, who are said to work in relays, each spending a fortnight in the Palace and a fortnight at home with their families in the outskirts of the city, amongst the very lowest class, with whom the Nihilist conspirators are constantly mixing. The recent discovery of the revolutionary printing press strengthened the feeling of security for a time, for it was believed to furnish the means of striking at the root of the secret organisation, but latterly this feeling has been again disturbed, for regularly every morning there found its way into the Czar's Palace a sealed letter, written on black-edged paper, warning the Czar that, if he did not alter his system of oppression, he would not live over his twenty-fifth anniversary. All means to find out the person who placed the letter there were vain, and in consequence, on the 8th of February, a number of servants and officials of subordinate rank were dismissed, and replaced by others for whose fidelity the secret police could vouch. A change was also made among the orderly officers, German officers being in large numbers substituted, and the Palace guard was changed, the two sotnias of Cossacks being superseded by soldiers from the Finland Battalion of Guards. Still, in spite of all these precautions, there was a strong feeling of uneasiness and distrust, and on the day before the explosion no fewer than forty arrests were made within the Palace itself, yet on the very morning of the explosion a copy of the last issue of the Nihilist paper, *Semlja Wolga*, was placed by some unknown person on the Czar's breakfast table.

The Imperial party comprised the Emperor, the Czarewitch and Czarevna, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and other members of the Imperial family, with the Prince of Hesse and Prince Alexander of Bulgaria as guests. The dinner, which is usually served at six, was somewhat delayed in connection with the arrival of the Prince of Bulgaria. At the moment of the explosion the Emperor, in an ante-room, surrounded by his guests, was about to enter the dining-room, and but for the delay on account of the Prince of Bulgaria, the Imperial party would have been seated at table when the explosion occurred. The floor of the dining-room was dislodged and the dining table damaged. The Empress, still in very feeble health, was asleep in a remote part of the Palace, and was not disturbed by the shock and roar of the explosion. The basement was divided into dwelling rooms and a corridor. Immediately above it was the guard-room, which had a double arched ceiling. The explosion made two gaps in the lower arch, and the floor of the dining saloon above the guard-room was raised only in two places, corresponding with the gaps in the arch. A breach was also made in one of the walls of the saloon. The apartments of the Prince of Bulgaria, and those of Miss Corry, who is in attendance on the Duchess of Edinburgh, are on the same floor, and nearly opposite the guard-room. The doors and windows of these apartments were blown open, and the lights put out, but fortunately the occupants escaped unhurt.

The Czarewitch and the Grand Duke Vladimir were the first to reach the guard-room after the explosion in the Palace, arriving there just as the officers, fearing danger to the Emperor, were about to lead the remaining sentinels to the Imperial apartments. The Grand Duke Vladimir hastened to the barracks to give the alarm, and brought back the Preobrajensky Guards to the Palace. It is said that at the moment of the explosion bombs were thrown in the streets outside the Palace, some of which exploded under a private carriage, but, according to another account, the cavalry, telegraphed for as soon as the alarm was given, galloped off in such haste that many of their cartridges were jerked out of their cartouche cases, and the streets were strewn with these explosives, which, of course, went off under the wheels of passing vehicles, the occupants of which were arrested by the police, and bystanders who were ignorant of what had really occurred.

In striking contrast with the domestic treachery which encompassed the Czar in his Palace is the fidelity of the Finnish soldiers who formed his body-guard. Eight of them were killed on the spot, and forty-five injured, of whom several have since died. Horribly sudden as the whole murderous surprise was, not one of the injured men would leave his post until their own officer in charge, who was himself wounded, came to give the word of command.

The Czar is said to have been very much affected; so much so as at one time almost to have lost his self-command. When, however, Lord Dufferin called to congratulate him upon his escape, the Emperor remarked that it is to Divine Providence he stands indebted, and that, God having mercifully delivered him twice recently from very imminent peril, he is content to trust his life for the future to His protecting hand. The Duchess of Edinburgh displayed great fortitude and presence of mind in the trying crisis. This was the more noticeable from the fact that Her Imperial Highness was much affected on the occasion of Solovieff's attempt, being then in a delicate state of health.

After the explosion the Emperor left the Winter Palace, and went under escort of thirty Cossacks to the old Paul Palace, where he slept. Next day, on his way to attend the *Te Deum* in

the Imperial Chapel in the Palace, he stopped before the officers of the Finnish regiment, and thanked the colonel for the manner in which the soldiers had fulfilled their duty, referring to the fact that all the sentinels remained at their posts, notwithstanding that a company of the Preobrajensky Regiment had arrived to relieve them.

On Friday the soldiers of the Finnish Guards who were killed by the explosion were interred with great solemnity, the funeral being attended by the Grand Duke Constantine and many generals and staff officers. The coffins were borne to the grave by officers, and there was an immense crowd of spectators. General Gourko, in an order to the troops announcing the interment of their comrades, says: "May the honourable conduct of the men who were wounded by the explosion convince the insane criminals who planned the attempt that neither their endeavours to bribe the soldiers nor the fear of death itself can shake the loyalty of the troops." The Emperor and the Czarewitch attended the funeral ceremony celebrated in the barracks previous to the starting of the procession for the place of interment, and afterwards visited the wounded men in the hospital. It is a remarkable coincidence that it was this same Finnish regiment which, in 1825, was suddenly called to the Winter Palace to overawe and supersede the Grenadiers, whose loyalty was doubted; and it was to them that Alexander, then only a child of seven, was entrusted by his father Nicholas. Taking the little Grand Duke Alexander by the hand, he said, "I confide my son to your care; it will be your duty to defend his life." The rough Finns, it is said, were moved to tears. They took up the child in their arms, passed him from rank to rank, and swore to form a rampart of their bodies behind which he should be safe.

THANKSGIVINGS AND CONGRATULATIONS

UNIVERSAL sympathy has been exhibited towards the Czar both by his own people and those of other European nations. On the day after the explosion the various foreign representatives at the Russian Court lost no time in tendering their felicitations to the Czar, whilst the Press of Europe has been unanimous in condemning the perpetrators of the detestable crime. Thanksgiving Services were held in all the churches of St. Petersburg, and the city was gaily decorated with bunting in honour of His Majesty's escape. *Te Deums* were also sung throughout the Russian provinces, and at the Russian Embassy chapels in other countries. The news of the atrocious crime caused a profound impression in all the European capitals. The feeling of horror evinced is said to have amounted to stupefaction. At Berlin it formed almost the only topic of conversation. The Emperor William is said to have been greatly affected by the news. At Vienna, Paris, and Rome there was also much excitement; and the Emperor of Austria, King Humbert, King Alfonso, and President Grévy each telegraphed their congratulations to the Czar. Signor Cairoli went personally to the Russian Embassy to express his concern at the attempt on the Czar's life, and General Pittie waited, on behalf of M. Grévy, on the Grand Duke Nicholas at Paris, for the same purpose. Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Lord Beaconsfield telegraphed on Wednesday their congratulations to St. Petersburg, and the various Ambassadors and other gentlemen called on Prince Lobanoff during the day to make inquiries, and to express their gratification at the escape of the Imperial Family. On Sunday last solemn thanksgiving services were again celebrated. The space in front of the Palace was crowded with persons anxious to pay homage to the Czar; and petitions are being received from all parts of the Empire, asking for permission to send deputations with congratulatory memorials. Telegraphing, in reply to M. Grévy, the Emperor said:—"I cordially thank you for the sentiments you express. The Spirit of Evil does not tire any more than Divine grace. It is gratifying to me to be able to count on the sympathies of good men."

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION

The Special Correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphing on Monday night, says:—"I have to-day inspected the scene of the explosion. Entering the Palace by the Soltikoff doorway, which faces the Admiralty, and traversing the hall, I found myself at once face to face with unmistakable evidence of the disaster. In the courtyard immediately in front of me was a vast mass of brickwork, concrete, boards, and rubbish, with here and there a shred of clothing. Glaziers were employed in repairing the windows in the apartments on the other side of the yard, to which the effects of the explosion evidently reached. Turning to the left I passed through doorless lintels into the guard-room, a building some sixty feet long by twenty wide, with a raised ante-chamber at the further end. To the right were the windows looking in the court; the sashes had all been blown out. To the left was a solid wall, which was but little damaged, although the stove in which the dynamite was placed had rested against it. The floor for nearly the whole length and breadth of the apartment, as well as in the corridor outside leading to the rooms occupied by Captain Hague, had been destroyed, though composed of solid concrete two feet thick. Workmen were nailing down boarding, and had almost covered the cellars below. Three square pillars in the middle of the guard-room supported the floor of the apartment above, and had the explosive material been placed against one of them the ceiling must have come down. As it is, in one place the plaster and brickwork have fallen, and this gave rise to the report of a hole in the floor of the dining-room, but the parquet is intact."

THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY

A SPECIAL Commission has been appointed to inquire into the attempt on the life of the Czar, but the greatest secrecy is preserved as to its doings. Numerous arrests have been made, the workmen in the cellar being at first among the "suspects," especially as one of them had disappeared immediately after the explosion. The semi-official *Agence Russe*, however, states that all these have now been found, and that their innocence appears to be certain. All sorts of rumours are afloat as to the particular means employed by the conspirators to effect the explosion. One of the carpenters is said to have declared that an hour before the explosion an elegantly dressed man entered their subterranean workroom with a heavy-looking box in his hand, and, presenting them with several rouble-notes, deposited his burden at the foot of one of the vault-supporting pillars, saying he would return for it anon. General Tolleben estimates the charge of dynamite at 126 lbs., and he thinks

that a few more pounds would have effectually destroyed the dining-room as well as the guard-room. The *Golos* alludes to the discovery of the lid of an iron box, while another version insists on the fruitlessness of all search for a clue to the mystery. It is reported that on the night of the explosion the dead body of a gentlemanlike man was found on the ice of the Neva in front of the Winter Palace, with a revolver by his side and a bit of paper containing the words, "I have shot myself. The letter in my pocket to be immediately delivered to the Third Section." Other accounts speak of arrests, of investigations in military workshops and cartridge factories, and of the firm belief that the explosive material was sprung by a Thomas clock machine, whilst according to others the charge was fired by electricity, the wires having been traced to the Milanoff cellars, a coal depot 200 yards distant from the Palace, the proprietor of which has been arrested. This last story has been varied by the statement that the wires were traced to a point in the street called Millionaja Oulitza, but were then broken off. Many houses were searched, and the crowd offered to aid, but the police refused their help, fearing that conspirators might be among them.

On the 10th inst. the Czar was to visit the Apraxim Theatre, and just before the time fixed for his arrival the floor of the box he was to occupy was found to be on fire. On the 16th inst., the day before the explosion, the police searched the house of a suspected individual passing under the name of Pigalski, who had disappeared. They found a letter in cypher, which the Third Department had great difficulty in interpreting, but which was at length found to be the letter of an unknown individual to the missing Pigalski, its contents being as follows:—

"I spoke last night with Sebascha. From the conversation he had with the Czar, he thinks he has nothing to apprehend. The Czar is very confident, and has no suspicion of what is in preparation. 'Would it not be advisable,' asks Sebascha, 'as all papers are ready, to hasten the proceeding?' Communicate this to those whom it concerns, and let me know your decision, so that I may at once inform Sebascha." From this note it is inferred that the person concealed under the pseudonym "Sebascha" must be of high standing and on familiar terms with the Czar.

General Gourko, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, spent the whole of the night of Tuesday at the Palace, investigating the circumstances of the explosion, and on the next day he issued the following "order" to the troops:—"Yesterday, at about seven o'clock in the evening, an explosion, caused by a considerable quantity of dynamite, occurred under the principal guard room of the Winter Palace. The daring criminal had apparently formed a diabolical plot against the sacred person of the Emperor, as the time chosen was the dining hour of His Majesty, and the object of the explosion was to destroy the Imperial dining saloon. God preserved the life of His anointed, and again extended His infinite grace to us all. Let us hasten to render thanks to the Almighty for this mercy by earnest and unanimous prayer."

THE WINTER PALACE

THE building where the explosion took place, and which is described as one of the largest palaces in the world, is the usual winter residence of the Czar and his Court. On one side it looks on the river Neva, while on the other there is a large open space called the Palace Square, in which stands Alexander's Column, a monolith of red granite eighty feet high. On the right of the Palace is Peter's Square, which contains the celebrated statue of Peter the Great; and the Field of Mars, a parade ground large enough for 40,000 men to manoeuvre in. On the east side of the Palace, and connected with it by a covered way, is the Empress Catherine's Hermitage, now a museum. The Newsky Perspective is in front of the Admiralty and close to the Imperial Palace, which, after being burnt down in 1837, was rebuilt in six months in the middle of winter by order of the Emperor Nicholas. Each storey was dried with immense fires as soon as erected, and several thousand workmen met with their death during the rebuilding, in consequence of the alternate exposure to the excessive heat while at work in the apartments, and the rigorous temperature outside. The Palace, which is painted a brick red, is four storeys high, or about eighty feet. The frontage is 445 feet in length, and the breadth 350 feet. The principal entrance is from the Neva, and leads by a magnificent flight of marble steps to the State Apartments of the Palace. A gateway in the centre of the building, facing Alexander's Column, opens into a large court. The interior is most gorgeous, suites of splendid halls being filled with marble, malachite, vases, and pictures; whilst the Crown and other jewels are of almost inestimable value. The Czar has his apartments on the first floor and in the corner of the Winter Palace that overlooks the Neva and the Admiralty. The Empress inhabits the other corner, and between the two is the family dining room, which had, however, been deserted since the return of the Empress, the meals being served, as already stated, in a smaller room over the guards' room. At one and six o'clock the Czar, the Czarina, and the Grand Dukes Alexis, Sergius, and Paul meet *déjeuner* for and dinner. The Czarewitch and the Grand Duke Vladimir, who are both married, have also general invitations to join the Imperial circle; but the other members of the family wait until they are bidden. Six covers are always laid, and the service is performed by three French *maitres d'hôtel*, who relieve each other every fortnight. The arrangement of the apartments is similar to that of Versailles, there being a multitude of small rooms, and an immense number of civil and military officials having their abode here in separate suites of rooms. The guards' room, beneath which the charge of dynamite was deposited, is on the ground floor, and was formerly the sleeping apartment of the Grand Duke Nicholas when a child.

PREVIOUS ATTEMPTS ON THE CZAR'S LIFE

SEVERAL attempts have been made to assassinate the Emperor Alexander II. The first attempt was made on April 16, 1866, when he was fired at in the streets of St. Petersburg by an ex-student named Karakosof, whose pistol was turned aside by a workman named Komissarof, who happened to be passing, and who was afterwards ennobled for the act. The second attempt was at Paris, in June of the following year, when Berowski, a Pole, fired into a carriage occupied by the Czar and his two sons and the Emperor Napoleon III., all of whom escaped unhurt. The assassin was

about to fire another shot when his pistol burst in his hands. Last year three other attempts were made—in April, at St. Petersburg, when Solovieff fired four shots from a revolver without effect. Later when preparations were made for exploding a mine on the occasion of his landing at Odessa, and again on Dec. 1st, when a portion of the Moscow Railway was blown up. The supposed perpetrator of this last-mentioned outrage, a man named Hartmann, is now in custody in Paris, the French Government not having as yet come to any decision as to his extradition. There is no Extradition Treaty between France and Russia, and the question is highly embarrassing, it being contended on the one hand that an attempt to blow up a train cannot be looked upon as a mere political offence; and on the other, that horrible as the crimes of Moscow and the Winter Palace were, they fall within the rule long acted upon by Europe, which precludes such acts from being the subject of extradition. The well-known distinction is that a political crime is one committed in what rightly or wrongly is considered the general interest, and not from any private or pecuniary motive. Thus Napoleon III. was never able to obtain from England, or even Belgium, the extradition of French subjects accused of murderous attacks on his person. Hartmann, who also uses the names of Koutsch and Mayer, is said to have been the person who hired the cottage near the line from where the mine was fired. He disappeared immediately after the explosion, and the Russian police have traced him by means of a watch which he exchanged in Moscow for an electrical apparatus, which he said he wanted for scientific experiments. The electric machine found at the house by the railway was identified by the tradesman who had supplied it, and the watch which had been bartered for it, after being carried from town to town by the police, was ultimately recognised by a watchmaker of St. Petersburg, from whom it had been purchased by a lady and given to Hartmann.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CZAR'S ACCESSION

THE celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Alexander's accession to the throne is to be solemnised in a quiet way. Owing to the weak health of the Empress there are to be no *fêtes*; but there will probably be an extensive distribution of "orders" and promotions in recognition of long and important services. The "own correspondent" of the *Daily News*, writing from St. Petersburg on the 17th, the day of the explosion at the Winter Palace, says that it is intended to remit one-half of the term of punishment of all political criminals, the rustication of the young Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch will be annulled, and other special acts of consideration for individuals will be shown. Some ameliorative changes are also to be made in the condition of the Empire. The Jews in Russia are to be placed on the same footing as other subjects, and Poland is to be granted all the institutions and regulations existing in Russia. On the 28th inst., three days before the anniversary, all the Ministers and Members of the Council of State will dine with the Emperor at the Winter Palace, and afterwards the measures to be announced on the 2nd ultimo will be discussed. These, it is said, will include M. Valouieff's scheme for the "enlargement of the public rights" by an extension of the number of the existing Councils of State by the addition of four representatives of each of the fifty-two provinces or governments in Russia, one delegate representing the nobility, the Zemstvos, the clergy, and the municipalities respectively. These delegates are to have what is called a consultative voice; without the right of voting or speaking of their own motion; and when consulted, if their speeches are considered by the President to be irrelevant or objectionable, he will have the right to administer a first "warning;" and after three warnings the delegate may be removed from the Assembly by the *gendarmes*, with a forfeiture of the right of being delegated at any future time. Besides this enlarged Council of State, it is proposed that each province or government is to have a Council of Administration under the presidency of the Governor, composed of the chiefs of all the Administrative Departments in the province. It is understood that this scheme is not generally approved, and that counter schemes will be suggested, the most important of which is the proposal that the administration of the whole Empire, including Poland, shall be made uniform, and placed under a single Prime Minister or Chancellor of the Interior, responsible only to the Emperor himself. It is not intended to grant any concessions to the Russian Press, but that as regards Poland the right of publication without preliminary censorship, which at present exists in St. Petersburg and Moscow only, will be extended to Warsaw and the chief city in each of the ten provinces in Poland.

THE FUTURE PROSPECTS

ACCORDING to some of our contemporaries, the St. Petersburg police have arrived at the conviction, through their recent researches, that there are Nihilist agencies in London, Paris, and Berlin. The Third Section have sent a number of experienced officials to the police of England, Germany, and France, asking their assistance. It is stated that the Russian and German Governments propose convening an International Congress for the purpose of deciding on the most efficient means of putting an end to these conspiracies; and a Paris paper, *La France*, publishes a despatch from London to the effect that Her Majesty the Queen, profoundly horrified at the news of the plot, sent for Lord Beaconsfield, and said to him that it behoved the honour of her Crown to unite in any general measure which might be necessary to put an end to such a shocking state of things as seems to exist on the Continent. According to some accounts the Czar is resolved to make a firm stand against the revolution. He looks upon his repeated escapes as so many proofs that he is under the special protection of Providence, and he believes that it is his mission to quell the conspiracy. There is also the very natural reason that it would be a sacrifice of dignity to seem to be frightened into reforms, or retire from the throne at the bidding of assassins. On the other hand it is stated that on the day after the explosion, the Czar, after attending the Thanksgiving Service in the Imperial Chapel, held a Council at which his most intimate advisers, including the Czarevitch, Prince Gortschakoff, and Prince Usupoff were present. The Emperor, who was in a state of great excitement, announced his firm intention to resign in favour of his son. With the greatest emotion, he said that he had devoted all his life to his country; that his constant wish was to secure the happiness of his people; but that the event which had just occurred showed a condition of things which rendered his position insupport-

able; and that when it was possible for attempts requiring such preparation to be made on his life even in his own palace, it showed that a large proportion of his subjects must be hostile to him, or, at least, indifferent to his fate. He spoke with some bitterness of the liberal tendencies which the Czarevitch has publicly shown, and said that he could not but feel that the manifestation of such a disposition had served as an encouragement to the present agitation. His own system, however, had evidently failed, and there was nothing left for him but to request his son to relieve him of the cares of Government, and to try the effect of a new régime. The Czarevitch was most deeply affected, and, throwing himself on his knees, implored his father to reconsider his decision. The whole Council seconded the entreaties of the heir-apparent, and pointed out to the Emperor the disastrous effect which would be produced on the country by his sudden retirement at such a moment, and after a most affecting scene the Emperor was prevailed upon to postpone taking any action for the present.

Meanwhile the Government have decided to increase the number of house porters, who, it is stated, have received instructions to hold themselves in readiness against emergencies, especially on March 2nd, the day of the anniversary of the Czar's accession.

The Nihilists have issued a proclamation threatening to set fire to the capital on that day, and the police authorities have ordered the entire population of the city to be provided with a constant and sufficient supply of water for two days.

The Czar has placed 600,000 roubles at General Gourko's disposal, with the request to spare no expense in his endeavour to discover the authors of the outrage. The inhabitants of St. Petersburg are in a state of great terror, the streets are deserted by all except the military and other patrols, according to one account no fewer than 5,000 arrests have been made, and all sorts of startling rumours are abroad. It is reported, for instance, that the Commandant of the Palace has not only been arrested, but already despatched on his way somewhere, presumably to Siberia; that officers have been seen escorted from the railway stations by *gendarmes*; that General Gourko is to give in his resignation at once, and that Baron von Shell, a member of the Privy Council, has committed suicide.

A Reuter's telegram from St. Petersburg, dated February 23. Evening, says that it is authoritatively announced that all the officers and men who were in the Palace did their duty conscientiously, and were personally thanked by the Czar. A denial is also given to the assertion that the Emperor is indisposed. His Majesty, who is in excellent health, paid a visit that day in an open sleigh to the Paulowski Military School. On leaving the school the Emperor received a great ovation from the students, who drew his sleigh as far as the Nicholas Bridge amid incessant cheering, which was taken up by the crowd assembled along the entire quay. The Emperor was visibly pleased by this demonstration, and expressed his thanks by repeatedly saluting the people.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

OUR views of the Winter Palace need no special description beyond that conveyed in their respective titles. Of the "Suspected Peasant Before the Police at St. Petersburg," it is only necessary to remark that such scenes are of everyday occurrence in Russia, arrests being constantly made even in the quietest times. The police-office is a dirty, miserable-looking apartment, and the unfortunate "suspects" are so terrified at the prospect of what may possibly be the consequences of their arrest, that they fall prostrate on the floor before the stern officer who is to decide their fate.—"Polishing the Floors" is a scene which may be witnessed frequently in the Winter Palace, the operation being performed by a number of shock-headed and coarsely-clad *myjiks*, with brushes fastened on their feet. The rough and ragged appearance of these emancipated serfs form a strong contrast to the smart uniform of the soldiers who stand idly by and joke them as they work.

RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS

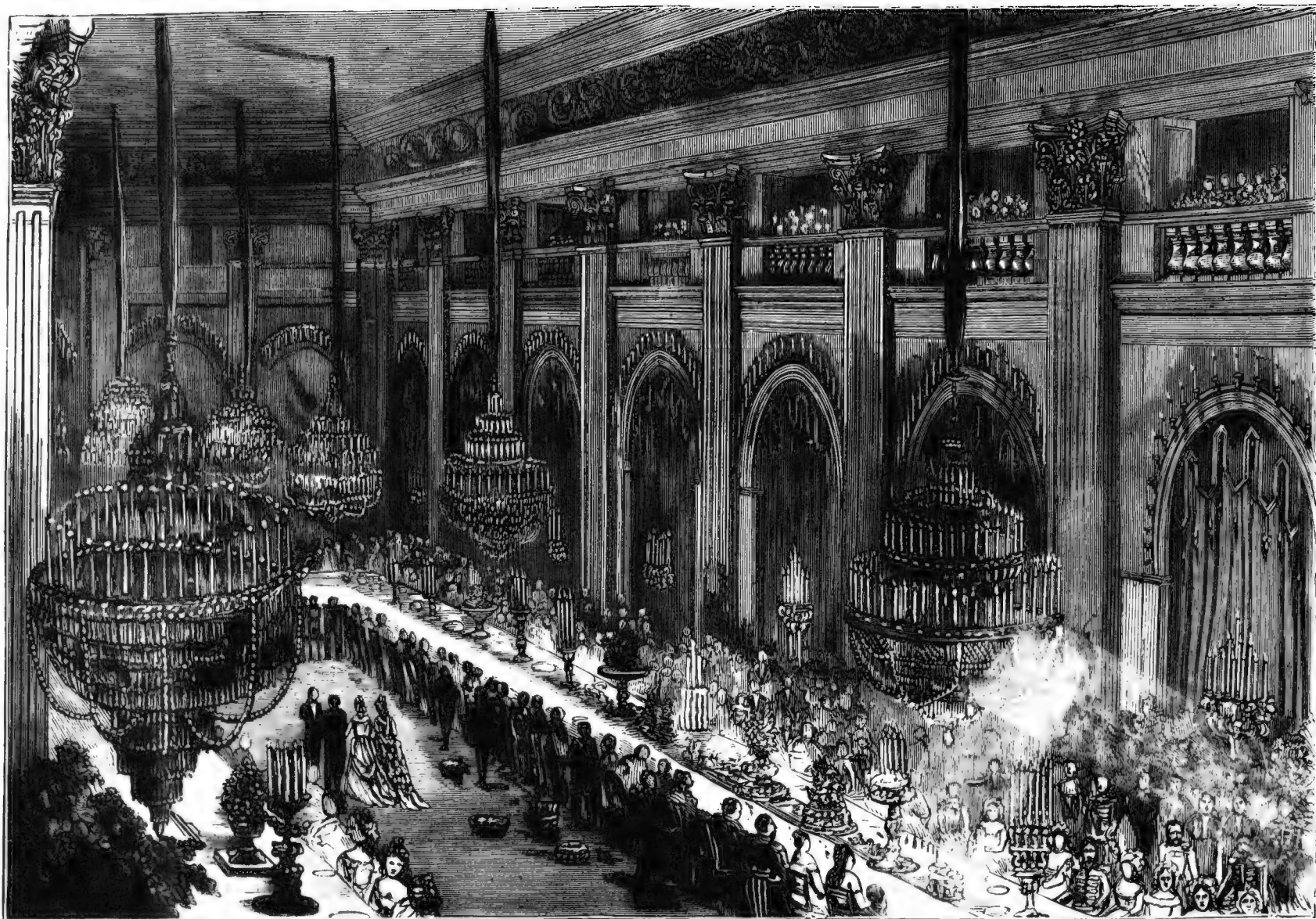
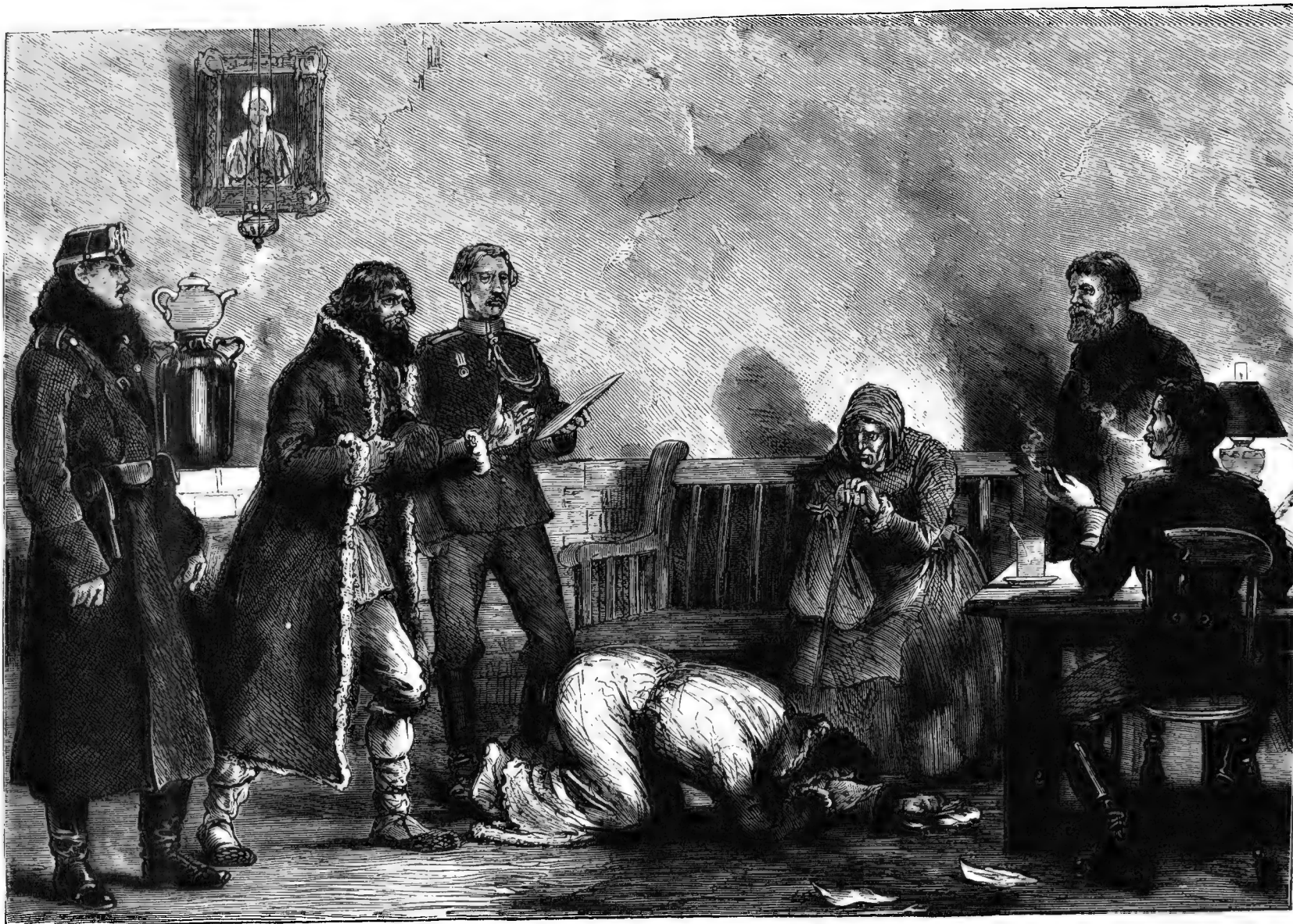
FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago a small, but influential, Russian Revolutionary Committee existed in London. From its press in the Caledonian Road issued a stream of journalistic literature by means of which its directors hoped to sweep clean the Augean stables of Russian administration. Their first efforts met with no success. They printed indefatigably, but scarcely any one ever bought a single copy of their publications. The West of Europe, scared by the revolutions of 1848, or disappointed by their failure, paid no attention to the protests against Russian despotism uttered in England by Alexander Herzen and his fellow-workers. Russia itself seemed to them to slumber, deaf to the voice of the indignant exiles who constantly, but fruitlessly, besought it to shake off its sloth, and to arise and be free. But the death of the Emperor Nicholas brought with it a vast change. The Russian exiles at Teddington, who welcomed the news with cakes and champagne, and such largesses to the children of the neighbourhood that they were afterwards received, when they appeared in public, with joyous cries of "Impernikel is dead, hurra!" were right in looking forward to an altered career. Freed from the numbing grasp of Nicholas, Russia, if it did not at once spring into active life, at least showed that it had shaken off its lethargy, and was desirous of action. The generous aspirations of a considerable section of the cultured classes, the passionate longings for liberty and justice by which some of their number were actuated, long repressed but not destroyed, now stirred the hearts of men with new force.

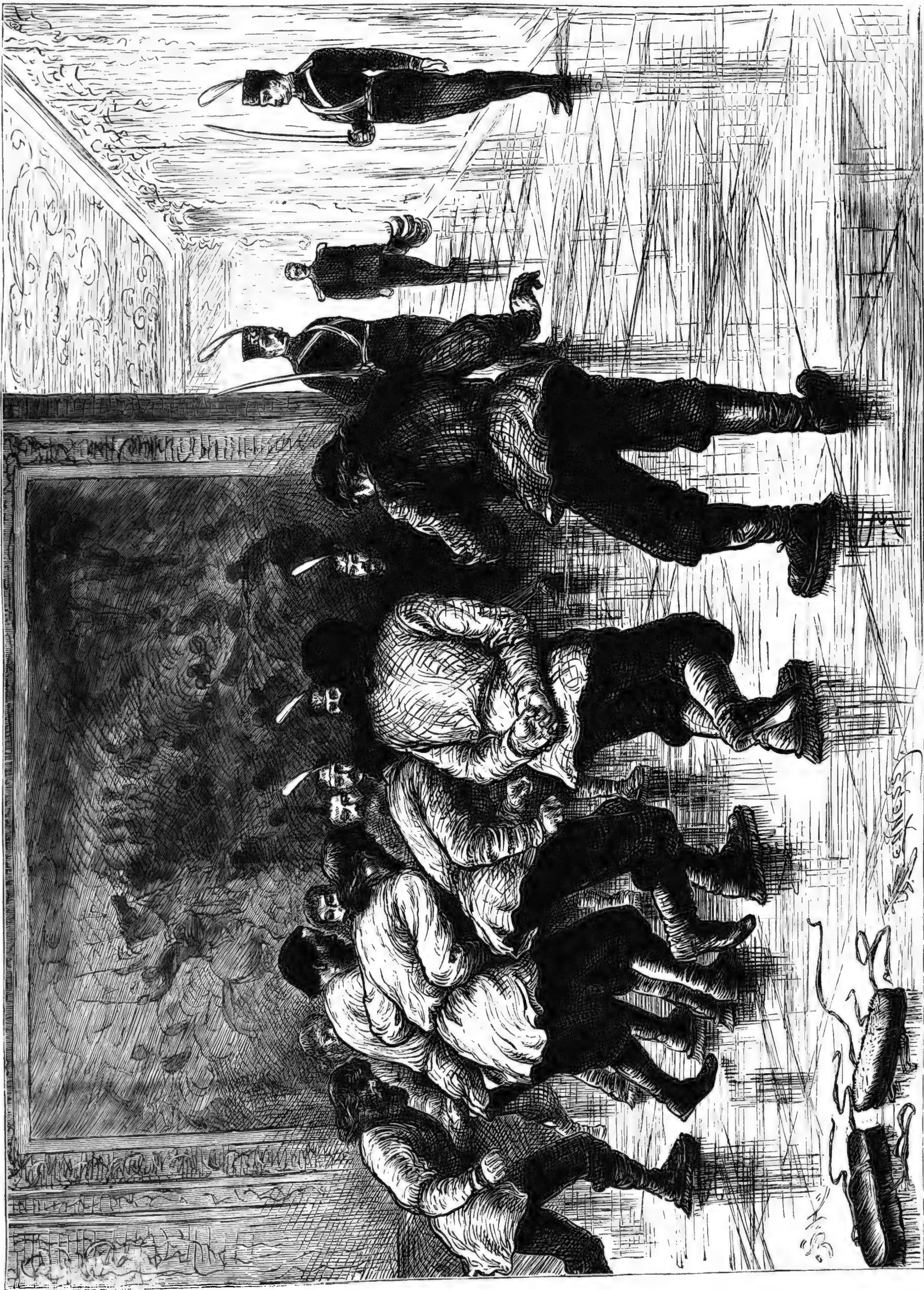
The aristocratic conspirators of 1825, who attempted, on the death of Alexander I., to substitute constitutional for despotic government, had been as weak in point of numbers as their plans were wanting in precision. A vague discontent with existing institutions, a desire to see them replaced by laws and manners more in accordance with modern ideas, had been gradually affecting the minds of the nobles, due in part to the vast wave of thought to which the first French Revolution gave rise, and, to some extent, to the unsettling forces set free during the great struggle with Napoleon I., and the acquaintance with Western Europe by which its close was accompanied. The last years of the reign of Alexander I. were darkened by a cloud of dissatisfaction of which he could not be unconscious. The close of his life was embittered by the thought that he who had done so much for Russia, who had loved his people so well, was now regarded with a dislike which he attributed to

causeless ingratitude. He knew that associations had been formed among the younger nobles for the diffusion of liberal sentiments, and he was aware that the loyalty of his soldiers had been tampered with. From time to time he received mysterious warnings that his life was in danger, that his throne was tottering. His mind, already overshadowed by hereditary gloom, all but gave way beneath the load of fears and disappointments to which every day added, and when he died at Taganrog, it was a broken heart of which death stilled the beating. Then, in the period of interregnum which ensued, while Nicholas was refusing to exclude his elder brother from the throne, and Constantine was making up his mind as to whether he would swear fealty to his younger brother, the hopes of the Liberal party gained strength, and their plans some kind of coherence. The result was the military insurrection of December, 1825, as senseless an outbreak as history records. For the troops who were induced to take part in it cared nought for theories about liberty or progress. Devotedly attached to the ruling family, they were prepared to shed their blood in defence of the true heir to the throne, and so they marched forth, at the command of their officers, to die in behalf of Constantine. It may not be true that they shouted for a Constitution under the impression that the word *Constitutsiya* was the name of Constantine's wife. But the mere existence of such a story bears witness to the simple faith of the soldiers. No dreams of a Republic had ever flitted before their eyes. No longings for a social Revolution had ever disturbed the quiet of their simple minds. So far as they were concerned, the December outbreak was a mere blunder. To the country its results were most disastrous. The thunder of the cannon by means of which Nicholas suppressed the insurrection not unnaturally rendered him deaf to any pleadings in favour of reform. The fact that it was the men of culture who had risen against him was not likely to render him well disposed towards poetry and philosophy. Throughout his long reign he relied upon force alone as his ruling agent, and so forcibly did he rule that he not only suppressed all tokens of dissatisfaction at home, but he rendered its expressions abroad practically resultless.

There was no lack of sorrow in Russia during his time, but its sobs were hushed. There was indignation in many minds, but its glow did not rise into visible flame. From their far-off place of refuge, Herzen and the other Russian exiles called in vain to their fellow countrymen. No reply came back to their ears. But as "the long-pent stream of life," when the charm was snapped which had so long held in slumber the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, "dash'd downward in a cataract," so was it with the long-restrained stream of thought in Russia when the stern Nicholas was succeeded by the benevolent Alexander II. All over the land ran a stir and flutter such as in a nest of awakening birds precedes the activity of the day. Freed from the dread which the long-continued measures of repression had inspired, full of hopes that the night of tyranny was over and the day of liberty was commencing, the mind of cultured Russia began to respond freely to the passionate appeals in behalf of liberty to which the Free Russian Press in London had so long given vent in vain. The *Polar Star*, a magazine named after a journal started by some of the poets to whom the insurrection of 1825 proved fatal, the *Bell*, a newspaper open, like the Lion's Mouth of olden days, to the petitions and complaints of the oppressed, and a swarm of publications preaching similar doctrines, were hailed with enthusiasm by thousands of readers. Measures which were as yet in Russia but secretly longed for, thoughts which had there not yet rendered themselves articulate, were openly demanded or expressed in the literature which, though contraband, yet succeeded in making its way everywhere. It may not be true that the Emperor found every morning upon his breakfast-table a neatly folded copy of the last issue of the *Bell*, and that the friends of Count Adlerberg vainly attempted to conceal from the imperial eye a number which contained very annoying disclosures about that statesman, by printing a special copy of the number in question in which the unpleasant passages were omitted. The dinner-party most likely never took place at Novgorod at which each guest is supposed to have been provided with a *Bell* instead of a plateful of sardines, the host having innocently purchased a number of tins containing forbidden literature instead of fish. But there is no doubt that a wide-spreading organisation existed by means of which the revolutionary writings were passed on from hand to hand. For some time the influence of Alexander Herzen, the leader to whose energy and wealth the movement was mainly indebted for its success, was immense, and a deference was shown for his opinion which must have rendered doubly bitter the oblivion into which he afterwards passed.

Had the Russian Government resorted at that time to the repressive measures on which it now entirely relies, the power of Herzen and his brother revolutionists would have become immense. But that power was almost entirely destroyed by the reforms introduced by the Emperor and the Ministers by whom his steps were then guided. Seldom, if ever, in the history of the world, have such great beneficial changes been so rapidly made, as in Russia during the first few years which followed the Crimean War. The Emancipation of the Serfs set free some twenty millions of the common people who had previously been the property of the landed proprietors, and about as many more who had lived in a state of modified servitude on the Crown Lands. The introduction of open courts of law, free to the public, of fairly-paid judges, of respectable advocates, and of trial by jury, swept away the greater part of the abuses which had gathered about the administration of justice, and had rendered its name a byword. It was cheering to any one who was interested in progress to visit Russia during the period which immediately followed the Emancipation, and to see the working of the peaceful revolution which the Emperor had so courageously carried through. But the improvements which had taken place were not sufficient to meet the demands of the Revolutionary party, then represented, so far as Russia was concerned, by Herzen and his colleagues. They were naturally hurt at finding that their voices were no longer listened to with deference, that their advice was no longer asked. During the long night which had preceded the reign of Alexander II., the light which they had been able to throw upon all manner of deeds of darkness had been invaluable. But in the day which had dawned upon Russia their luminaries paled their ineffectual fire. The influence of the Russian exiles waned fast, and, when they pronounced themselves in favour of the Polish Insurrection of 1863, they finally lost all favour





THE WINTER PALACE—POLISHING UP THE FLOORS

with the vast majority of their compatriots. Long before Herzen died in 1870, the power of controlling the discontented party in Russia had passed out of his hands.

In spite of the unquestionable benefits which had been conferred upon the country, of the reforms which had put an end to most of the abuses likely to injure ordinary members of society, there was much dissatisfaction in Russia. Even at the time when all seemed going well, and men were still congratulating each other on the advent of a political millennium, causes were secretly at work which gradually produced in some quarters a deeply-rooted discontent. They manifested themselves at times by outbreaks to which but little attention was paid, by student disturbances, by incendiary fires. It was supposed that these phenomena were temporary, and that a slight application of salutary discipline would be sufficient to cure the unhealthy tone of the body politic to which they bore witness.

But as time passed on it became clear that the disease of which they were symptoms had acquired a strong hold upon certain classes of Russian society, and the question arose of how it was to be treated. By this time the Emperor had himself passed through a considerable change. Bitterly disappointed by the comparative failure of some of his schemes of reform, his hereditary predisposition towards melancholy strengthened by the plots and rumours of plots of which he was perpetually being informed, and at length intensified by repeated attempts upon his life, he acceded to the wishes of those among his councillors who were in favour of repressive, reactionary measures.

He and his favourite advisers had become impressed with the idea that political reforms naturally lead to revolutions, that it was the concessions made by Louis XVI. and the French noblesse which led to the Reign of Terror, and that the order which prevailed during the reign of Nicholas was due to the severity of the means by which he crushed opposition.

Accordingly it was resolved to make no effort to conciliate the moderate Liberals, but to have recourse to such rigorous measures as might stamp out the revolutionary fire which was beginning to give ominous signs of existence. The result of this policy has been that the Government has lost the sympathy and the support of moderate men, while it has intensified the ardour of those who hold extreme opinions.

It is almost impossible for us to form an idea of the feelings by which the hearts of thousands of young Russians of both sexes are now being swayed. It seems so strange that at an age when the world has so many attractions to offer, when life appears to be so well worth having, young men and women should be found willing to give up everything for an idea, to undergo unnecessary hardships, to expose themselves to imprisonment and exile, merely in order that they may further a visionary plan for raising the average prosperity of the human race. A more hopeless struggle than that on which they have entered can hardly be conceived. The working classes, for whose welfare they are ready not only to die, but to die under a false name, so that they often go to the grave unknown and unhonoured, the many millions of Russian villagers, care nothing for them or their wasted lives. The peasant, if only the elements favour him, has not much to complain of, and looks upon conscription and taxation as necessary evils. The artisan, so long as he can keep from idleness and drink, has few difficulties to contend against except those which the struggle for life must always produce. As to the Throne and the Church, the two institutions which the Revolutionists hate most, they are very dear to the common people, who have retained the unquestioning faith and loyalty which for so many centuries characterised their ancestors. And the consequence is that when the Revolutionary agents come into contact with the lower classes, they not only fail in gaining their sympathy, but they are almost always handed over by them to the police. As to the cultured and privileged classes there can be no sympathy between them and the enthusiasts who would as willingly annihilate culture as property, whose desire is to sweep away all existing institutions, and to reduce all society to one monotonous level. Were the Government to appeal against the Revolutionists to the good sense of the educated classes, to allow free speech upon the subjects of the day, to do away with the vexatious restrictions upon knowledge, the condemnation of the small body of enthusiasts, who are now challenging the attention of the world would be all but unanimous.

It is interesting to watch the proceedings of the Russian conspirators, as revealed by the trials which have lately occupied the regular law courts and the military tribunals recently appointed to investigate political offences. We see, for instance, a little band of enthusiasts living in a manufacturing town, wearing the dress of the common people, inhabiting miserable lodgings, working hard all day as factory hands, and in the evening attempting to gain the confidence of their fellow-workers. The men are mostly the sons of priests, or of Government clerks, or of small proprietors. Many of them are students who have never finished their career at the Universities. Here and there may be found a man of rank, like Prince Krapotkine, who made so daring an escape from a Russian prison, and now lives securely at Geneva. But the greater part belong to the lower middle class, one which in Russia is not large. The women appear to be somewhat superior to the men with whom they associate, many of them being the daughters of landed proprietors of considerable means and good family. Clad in coarse attire, going barefoot, enduring without a complaint all manner of hardships, they devote themselves without a murmur to the hopeless task of educating up to insurrection the commonplace, uneducated, and utterly unenthusiastic working people among whom they dwell. When a little group of such acquaintances has been brought together, and their minds have been rendered receptive by tea, the conversation is turned upon the miseries of the poor and the enormities of the rich, and the hope of a good time coming in which the working people will be freed from the heavy burdens laid upon them by capital. Or small books in paper covers, generally with a picture on the wrappers, are produced, and lent to those who can read, or read aloud to those who cannot—books which at first sight appear innocent enough, the "Tale of Four Brothers," or the "Story of a Copeck," or a sermon purporting to have been preached by a sainted prelate. But their perusal shows that they are intended to render the minds of their readers discontented, to set the working class against that which reaps without toiling, to preach the advent of a happy time when there shall be set up a peasant-brotherhood, "in which there shall be neither mine nor thine, neither gains nor

oppressions, but there will be labour for the common weal, and among all men brotherly aid." An intense enthusiasm and an almost religious fervour manifest themselves in one of these rhapsodical appeals to the people to arise, and to bring about the happy time when Mother Russia shall put forth her strength, "and then will be fulfilled on earth the kingdom of God—the kingdom of truth and love—wherein there shall be neither sorrow nor sickness, neither troubles nor tears." But the book in question is written in imitation of works approved of by the clergy. As a general rule there are but few references to religion in the fervid appeals to the masses to rebel: "for in rebellion lies the sole chance of saving the people from the poverty, hunger, and cold which it endures, and from the final destruction which awaits it in the future—rebellion against landholders, against labour employers, against the Tsar, and against every authority which undertakes to defend the spoilers of the people."

Terrible would be the result if these incentives to revolt were to wake any great response in the minds of the Russian people. But they do not. The agitators of real Russian life meet with no more sympathy from the artisans and labourers whom they strive to influence than do their representatives in Tourguènéff's novel, "Virgin Soil." After a time they are almost certain to be denounced by the very men they wish to help. Then comes a period of suspense, terminated by a condemnation to long years of exile, or still worse, of imprisonment in a fortress. All who have read the reports of the recent trials of political prisoners in Russia must feel the deepest regret for the wasted lives of which they tell. Especially deep must be the regret in the case of such a lady, fair and gentle and suffering, as Lydia Figner, who wrote in prison the pathetic appeal which, secretly circulated, produced so deep an impression. "Ask not useless questions, O Judge!" was its cry. "Look at me! I am all proofs. On my shoulders is the dress of the people, my feet are bare, my hands callous with toil. All broken am I by hard labour. But know that in my heart of hearts, deeper than all others, is one proof buried: love to my native land."

Until recently the struggle of the Revolutionary party against the Government appeared to be utterly senseless. The means at their disposal seemed to be so small that the authorities could despise as well as condemn them. To use against the master of many legions such arguments as words, whether spoken or printed, was clearly of but little use. Within the last two years the tactics of the Revolutionists have entirely changed, and their formerly despised proceedings are now justly watched with the greatest dread. They have apparently given up the idea of educating the peasantry. They have thrown aside all means requiring patient perseverance, slowly maturing its fruits. They aim now only at swift destruction. Their end is by sudden, unexpected blows, to produce such catastrophes as will strike fear to the hearts of their opponents. In the hope of rendering a service to humanity they have become assassins and incendiaries. To each new repressive measure of the Government they reply by a fresh attack upon its chief. The Emperor is shot at. His advisers recommend such severity as will frighten his foes. The result is the attempt to destroy the train in which he travelled to Moscow. Still severer measures are adopted by the police, and the reply of the Revolutionists is the explosion in the Winter Palace. The small body of enthusiasts, so long derided, now hold in their hands a great power. For, if even a few men are completely desperate, fully prepared to throw away their lives, utterly unscrupulous as to means, and clearly bent upon a certain end, they have at their command an immense force. Ordinary criminals can rarely trust each other. Most fanatics have some grain of conscience which enfeebles their destructive action. But such men as Solovieff, who attempted to shoot the Emperor, and such women as Vera Sassulitch, who succeeded in shooting the head of the police, have persuaded themselves that such actions are not crimes but noble deeds. No conscientious scruples hold them back, and there is little fear that their accomplices will betray them. Their fellow fanatics are not likely to prove faithless to what they consider a sacred trust. And ordinary informers know well that a terrible death would follow swiftly upon an act of treachery. Therefore the conspirators have much to rely upon, especially if the utter want of intelligence on the part of the Russian police be taken into account. What their next move will be it is hard to say. They seem to have reached the highest point of audacity in their attempt to destroy the Emperor and his family in his home. That crime may alienate many minds among those who were inclined to sympathise with them. It is well known that a section of the "Nihilists" is opposed to arson and murder. The editor, for instance, of the Russian revolutionary journal, *Vpered*, or "Forwards!" which was for some years published in London, has declared himself against such crimes, and no doubt his example will be followed by many others. The insurrectionary tide may have reached its highest point, and the anticipated deluge may never take place. But if this be the case it is to be hoped that the Russian Government will profit by the terrible lesson it has learnt, will remember that violence is apt to engender violence, will strive to initiate such reforms as may destroy the abuses which breed crime, and will at least attempt to enlist upon the side of right those generous sympathies and aspirations which its attempts at suppression have perverted into criminal hallucinations.

PRINCE MORELVINE'S EXPIATION

PRINCE MORELVINE, Civil Governor of O—, enjoyed the distinction of being almost the only high official in his province who had not been molested in some way or threatened by Nihilists. It would have been of little use to threaten him, for he was a man who believed little in words, and could never have been turned out of his path by any warning of danger. If a revolver had been levelled at him he would have reflected that there were at least three chances to one against the assassin's taking a good aim. Why, then, should he have been uneasy at a threat of murder? There are men whose coolness protects them like a breastplate. Prince Morelvine was a man of the world who had been a soldier, courtier, diplomatist, and *bon vivant*. He had tried life by all its sides; nothing surprised him, and few things angered him. He did get angry, however, when the Nihilists killed his best friend, General Stourchine, the Military Governor of O—. Stourchine and he had been like brothers; and the General, while bleeding to death from a dastardly stab he had received in the streets in broad daylight, had sent for Morelvine, and muttered in his ear some inarticulate words which

Morelvine took for a request for revenge:—"Goin peace, Stourchine," faltered the Civil Governor, as he kissed his friend. "I'll revenge you."

The dying man shook his head as if to say that was not what he had meant. "Re—resign, and I—leave Russia," he murmured.

"I leave Russia so long as there is work for me to do here?" exclaimed Morelvine, surprised. But already the film of death was passing over his friend's eyes, and Morelvine could only discern in the wistful, moribund glance that was bent upon him an expression of the most yearning piteous entreaty. The Civil Governor dashed away a tear from the corner of his eye, and plunged his hand nervously into the opening of his tunic. The underlings who saw him do this trembled. Never had they seen Morelvine's face look so implacably wroth and cruel. The gesture which he made in waving his hand over his dead friend's body, as though to bless it, looked like a defiance hurled at all the Nihilists in the Empire:—"Morelvine is roused now, and there'll be some blood shed in the land," murmured one of the police officials who was standing by.

The murderer of General Stourchine could not be found, but a proclamation was posted on the walls of O— in the night, declaring that the "act of justice" had been perpetrated by order of the Revolutionary Committee. This document was signed "Saridja," a name which, like "Marianne" in France, is synonymous in some parts of Russia with conspiracy. When a copy of this paper had been brought to Morelvine he crumpled it in his hand, and sent for the Golovine, or Burgomaster of O—, one Baron Karinow, a man whom he hated, but of whose loyalty there could be no question. Karinow was a churl, a rough-voiced, hard-featured soldier, with the manners of a *mujik* and the temper of a chained mastiff. He had never been out of Russia, and despised men who had the varnish of Paris on them like Morelvine. The Civil Governor and he never met without exchanging sharp words, and now Morelvine, who was a bit of a Tartar under his veneer of refinement, was glad of the opportunity to browbeat his enemy:

"Look here, Karinow," said he. "Stourchine was murdered in broad daylight. Somebody must have seen the assassin, so you must find him, or I shall think that you are not fit for your place."

"I am as fit for it as you are for yours," snarled the Golovine. "I consider that your finikin ways are largely responsible for the disorders in this province. You have the plenary powers of martial law, why don't you use them?"

"I mean to use them, but the police are under your direction; so I give you the order to set them afield till they have tracked the murderer to his lair."

"I won't work with you at all, but I'll resign at once, unless you give me a promise, Morelvine," said Karinow, with a brutal oath. "You must swear on your head that whomsoever I may catch and prove guilty shall be executed. Your courtiers from St. Petersburg have always friends who beg off the criminal, and that because he happens to be connected with somebody who must not be offended. Now I'll have none of that fooling in this case."

"Take my oath then on my head," exclaimed Morelvine, stretching out his hand, whilst his eyes flashed with fury.

"Good," growled Karinow, coarsely. "I don't like you, but I know you'd pay me the forfeit if you blenched; and I'd take it!"

"My head you mean?"

"Yes, your head."

Karinow nodded emphatically as he said this, and marched out stamping heavily on the staircase with his big boots. Morelvine, when alone, paced about his room in some agitation. He was irritated at having been suspected of weakness; and yet his mind felt disturbed by the pledge he had just given to Karinow. The art of governing requires so many compromises that it might well be a necessity would arise for sparing some culprit in order that a great end of good for the State or society might be compassed. Such things are happening every day. When, however, Morelvine thought of his dead friend the General, his thoughts took a new direction, and he swore once again to himself that the murderer and his accomplices should have no mercy.

A week passed without bringing any news of the Golovine; and Morelvine could not hear that anybody had been arrested. On the afternoon of the eighth day a policeman brought him a note from Karinow, which contained but this one line:—"We are on the track; more this evening." The Governor left word to say that he was going to dine at the house of his daughter, the Countess Nariskeff; and at nightfall he set out on foot. It was a bright March evening, and though the spring thaw had not yet set in, it was not too cold. There was a brilliant moon overhead. Morelvine walked quickly; but at the corner of a street he heard footsteps behind him, and a man in a cloak, running past him, suddenly turned and barred his way.

"Prince, 'Saridja' wishes you no harm," said this stranger, in hurried tones, "but for your own sake warn the Golovine not to follow up the clue he has got."

"Who are you who speak thus?" exclaimed the Governor, seizing his interlocutor by the arm.

"I am neither your friend nor your enemy," said the man, shaking himself free, "but take my warning. Don't try to find out who Stourchine's murderer is."

The man vanished. Morelvine was tempted to pursue him, raising a hue and cry; but in the streets of O— at night he could have got no one to help him. The "Saridja" was terrorising the province. Even with a strong guard behind him the Governor could not have made sure of capturing any rebel in the streets. So he continued his walk, and on arriving at his daughter's house gave directions to the porter that if any man called with a message he was to be shown upstairs at once.

Olga Nariskeff was Prince Morelvine's only child. She had been married about a year to the young colonel of a cavalry regiment—a man whom Morelvine loved like a son. Had it been otherwise Nariskeff would never have got Olga's hand, for Morelvine was a doting father, and would not have consented that his daughter should marry a man who was not, humanly speaking, perfection. Prince Morelvine was a widower, and since his wife's death, which had happened when Olga was ten years old, he had been both father and mother to his daughter, so that the affectionate relationship between them had grown to be peculiarly tender and intimate. Olga seemed to worship her father; and his every thought was for her happiness. So truly did his heart beat in unison with hers that no shade of sadness or anxiety

could pass over her brow without his noticing it. When he entered her drawing-room on this fatal evening, he at once perceived there was something the matter with her.

"Why, what is it, Olga?" he asked; and as he said that he observed that she was in travelling dress. "Why, where are you going?"

"Father, Paul and I are in danger," answered the Countess, turning her beautiful eyes with a frightened look from her father's. "We must leave Russia for the present. You will give us passports and an escort to the frontier, won't you?"

"Why, what has happened?" stammered the Governor, seized with an awful apprehension which made him choke. "Have you committed some imprudence?"

"Yes, that's it, father—an imprudence," said the Countess, answering excitedly at random, for she was packing some things in a travelling bag as she spoke. "In these times people may get suspected for little. Paul is in danger, that is all I can say, and we need your protection. I will write and explain matters when we are out of Russia."

Even as she spoke there was a knock at the door, and a police official walked in, holding a letter which he handed to the Governor with a salute. Morelvine broke seal and read:—

"The murderer of Stourchine is your son-in-law Nariskeff; and the printing-press of the 'Saridja' is in your daughter's house. The pair of them are the leaders of the Nihilist gang in O—. Now do justice."

"KARINOW"

An hour later Morelvine, closely muffled in his cloak, knocked at the door of Karinow's house. The Golovine opened in person, and led the way without a word to a yard at the back of his house, where by the light of a lantern a *mujik* was chopping wood. Morelvine did not seem surprised to be led here. He threw off his cloak, and looking quietly at Karinow, said:—

"My daughter and her husband have gone, so I have come to place myself in your hands."

"I thought as much," replied Karinow with a grim laugh; "and I think I was right to exact my pledge of you, eh? So the brood of traitors was in your own nest, aha?"

"You could not expect me to surrender my own daughter?" remarked Morelvine with a moan.

"Yet you are the man who twitted me for not doing my duty," cried Karinow with glaring eyes. "Well, I hate you; I always did, you and the whole lot of men like you, who are the perdition of Russia. You Morelvine, with your French ideas are as much a Nihilist as the worst of them. You have scattered folly over the land, and I who love the Czar and my country want blood of you in revenge for Stourchine's death. Do you remember our pledge?"

"I do; I was to give my head," answered Morelvine calmly.

He looked round, saw the *mujik* with his hatchet and a wood-block beside him. Without a word he walked up to the block, knelt down and laid his neck upon it. The *mujik* had apparently been instructed beforehand, for he appeared no wise astonished; but fixed his axe and glanced at his master. Karinow, with a devilish look on his face, waved his hand.

There was a flash in the lantern light, a sickening thud, and Morelvine's headless body rolled over in a pool of blood.

"Well done," said Karinow quietly, "and now let's bury that traitor's body."

So Morelvine was buried in Karinow's wood-yard, and a pile of logs presently composed his funeral monument. The world learnt nothing of what had happened; but when the causes of Count and Countess Nariskeff's flight got to be known it was supposed that Morelvine had fled too to escape justice.

E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY

CLIFF-HUNTING

FOX-HUNTERS sojourning in Penzance have now and then the chance of a run wholly different from any that they could get away up in the Shires. It is a new sensation for one used to five-barred gates and "bullfinches," and deep, wide brooks dividing rich meadows, to follow the dogs across moors where there is more rock than heather, and over stone hedges which seem as if they needed a horse to the manner born; but it is a still newer sensation to be hunting close to the edge of the cliff, especially when the fox prefers the chance of breaking his neck to coming back into the open. Sometimes he actually takes the fatal leap; places are shown near the Gurnard's Head where the hounds have been baffled in this summary way, not without the loss of one or more of their number who went over in the full swing of pursuit. More often Reynard manages to creep down the cliff-side; and, unless he can find a hole, he will lie coiled up in some cranny with his head between his fore-paws, watching intently. Now is the time for the miners who have followed on foot. A few good climbers get down below him, while dogs and hunters move off some distance inland. A view-hallo and a few well-aimed stones soon drive him up the cliff; and then, if the whip has sent on a detachment to head him back when he tries to go down again, he will probably give a very pretty run up and down the little valleys which every now and then cut into the level moor, until he is either killed or escapes into a "rajel"—a pile of rocks which might have been the burial place of giants, and where digging out or driving out with terriers is seldom practicable.

Friday a fortnight back, for instance, the Meet was near St. Just, where the moors, pared for fuel to the very furze-roots, don't seem to have cover for a rat. A fox, however, was soon found (they don't need bag-foxes in that country); and after a short run he "took to cliff;" and as the cliffs thereabouts are tunnelled with mine-adits, levels driven in by "the old men" who worked before shaft-sinking was known, and whom local antiquaries suppose to have been Phœnicians, he had no difficulty in getting off.

They found again in Bartinny Forest, a bare hill with scarcely a furze-bush upon it, but crowned with a cluster of hut-circles, and famous for the fires still lighted on it every St. John's Eve. This time the run was inland, eastward from Chapel Cairn Brea, still, as in Dr. Borlase's day, topped with the ruins of a chapel, near which his namesake has lately opened a kist-van and a chambered tumulus. Thence the fox took away towards Chapel Uny, a holy well, close by one of those strange underground dwellings (*feços*) which here, as in Ireland, are generally found near a *raih*, or fortified village. But the abundance of stone which makes West Penwith the Paradise of archaeologists, tells against the huntsman. This fox also got away into a *raih*, whence it was voted too late to try to dislodge him. Too late? The visitor, whose days are numbered, and who, if he doesn't care for the prehistoric remains, admires the glimpses of sea, is tempted to think it rather *distant*

work to begin at past eleven and leave off at three. He hears with something like regret the tales of Sir Rose Price of Trengwainton, who used to insist on meeting as soon as it was light, when the scent lay so strong that the dogs would burst away at once as if the fox was in sight. Nowadays, the Penzance asks: "What could I do with myself till dinner if I begun at that unearthly hour?" And really there is a good deal in the question; the fact is, the old-fashioned hunters seldom made a day of it. Unlike their descendants, they generally killed; and yet had time to come down to office or smelting works, or even to take their place on the Bench.

What the visitor will most regret is turning his back on the evening sun on such an afternoon as I am speaking of. Friday was a "borrowed day," and the north coast with the long pale green rollers coming into Whitsand Bay looked its best. The day before the said visitor had watched from Pendeen Point a very different sight. All the morning "Genver had been calling" louder than any time this winter—Genver, *i.e.*, Guinivere, that restless spirit of Arthur's fair frail Queen, doomed to presage by her wailing the approach of the storm. In the afternoon the sea was very high, dashing up Botallack Head, rushing over the shelves of black rock (not granite, but clay-slate; the two are strangely mixed in that part of the coast), pouring back again in sheets of foam, while the spray rose up in clouds and was carried far inland. A leaden sky, opening in rifts of ugly dirty green, such a sky as not Turner but Martin would have delighted in. And then the storm came, swirling and hissing over the water, fierce rain and sleet and hail—hail that lay till next morning on the cold side of hedges. No temptation to stay out then; even the surpassing grandeur of sea and cliff made one more anxious to get into snug quarters and think them over—*surve mari magno*—or like that wise gentleman in Sophocles, who listens "with sleepy soul" to the lashing of the rain outside. But next day was like summer; you could not indeed say with Tennyson that

After tempest when the long wave broke
Along the thundering shores by Cornwall's Cape,
There came a day as still as heaven;

for the waves were almost as high as ever, washing over the Longships, covering the Brissons with foam, racing up crested with spindrift into every bay and zawn. It was just that life and laughter of the water which gave the finishing touch to the scene. And to think that one had to turn one's back on all this at three P.M., and trot home to dank Penzance, which on a winter afternoon so soon gets under the shadow of Paul Hill, and never sees but too little of the sunsets which make the other coast so glorious.

F.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

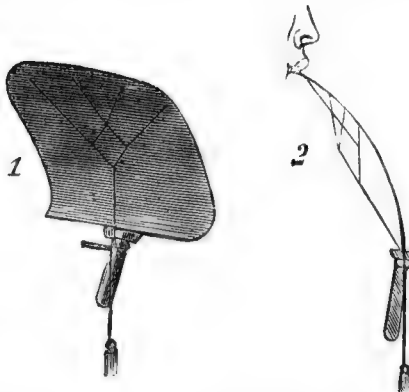
A NEW form of dynamo-electric machine, which exhibits several advantages, has recently been produced by M. Gramme. It will be remembered that the first Gramme machines which were made gave what is called a continuous current—that is, a current flowing in one constant direction, like that obtained from a galvanic battery. Such a current applied to lighting purposes necessitates a form of regulator, or lamp, in which the two carbons are fed towards one another at unequal rates of speed—for one carbon is consumed with double the rapidity of the other.

But with the advent of that *bête noire* of the gas companies, the Jablochkoff candle, in which the carbons must be made to burn away at an equal speed (for they are placed side by side), the Gramme machine was modified to give an alternating current. By this modification the current was reversed many hundred times in every minute—so that each carbon pencil was made subject to the same rate of reduction. The machine, as thus altered, has been used with the Jablochkoff candle wherever that form of electric communication has been adopted. It consists of two separate machines placed side by side—one of which generates the current to excite the electro-magnets in the other. This last also serves as a distributor, or rather divider, of the current into different circuits, as may be required.

In the improved Gramme, the two machines—the generator and the distributor—are combined in one, thereby economising the power required, and greatly reducing the cost of the plant. With an expenditure of five-horse power this machine will feed twelve lamps, each giving a light equal to twenty-eight standard Carcel burners. This is about as satisfactory a result has as yet been obtained by any machine for furnishing electric illumination.

So much interest has been excited by the introduction of the Audiphone—an instrument for the alleviation of deafness, which has more than once been noticed in these columns—that we append a drawing of it as perfected by its inventor, Mr. R. G. Rhodes of Chicago.

It consists of a thin and elastic plate of vulcanised indiarubber about one foot square (see Fig. 1). By means of silken cords it is drawn into a curved form, its convex side being turned towards the



source of sound, and away from the listener. The latter holds the instrument by the handle at its lower part, and places the upper edge of the curved diaphragm against his teeth, as shown in section at Fig. 2.

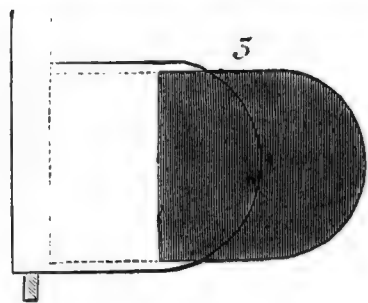
It is said that the invention of the instrument was due to Mr. Rhodes—who is very deaf—accidentally finding that he could hear the tick of a watch placed against his teeth, although the sound was quite inaudible by the ordinary channel. After many experiments the instrument took its present form, and, according to report, its power in many cases of partial deafness is most surprising. The action of the Audiphone can be readily understood and demonstrated by holding a rod of wood between the teeth and stopping the ears. If now another person scratches the wood with his nail the sound will be plainly heard through the bones of the head. It would be as well to apply this test to any deaf person whom it might be thought would benefit by the Audiphone before proceeding to purchase the instrument, as in many cases much painful disappointment might be thereby obviated. It is quite certain that its help can only be applied to those cases of deafness where the external ear is at fault, and where the auditory nerve is intact; for that nerve alone can carry the sensation of sound to the brain. It is thought possible that the instrument may prove a valuable aid in the diagnosis of cases of deafness, for the reasons just stated.

Faber's talking machine, invented and exhibited many years ago, has recently been much improved, and represents a scientific

triumph of no ordinary kind. By means of bellows to represent the lungs, a piece of vibrating bone to imitate the action of the vocal chords, a larynx, and a moveable jaw with indiarubber lips, the articulations of human speech are cleverly imitated. The machine was commenced sixty-five years ago by Joseph Faber, and has been improved from time to time by his successors. The various sounds which go to make up speech are produced by means of alterations of size and shape of the different organs by means of levers operated upon by a set of keys. Apart from the time which has been occupied in constructing this complex machine, we should think that it would entail many years' apprenticeship to learn to work it. The results are by no means perfect. Each sentence is delivered on one particular note, although it is possible to raise or lower this pitch for any subsequent sentence. It is a far more complex machine than the phonograph of Edison, and must certainly have cost its inventor more thought and trouble; but its performance is not so good.

A correspondent of the Belgian Academy has recently pointed out the means of distinguishing real butter from the nasty compound commonly sold as such. To Londoners the practical and simple test which he describes will certainly be useful. The sample to be examined is heated in a test-tube over a spirit flame to 150 degrees. If the compound be an artificial one, it will not froth, but will undergo a kind of irregular boiling, accompanied by jerks which will force part of the fluid from the tube. A portion of the mass will assume a brown colour, and will settle in clots on the sides of the vessel, while the fatty portion will retain its normal tint. If, on the other hand, the butter be genuine, it will produce abundant froth, the jerky action will be much less intense, while the entire mass will turn brown.

A model of Stewart's telescopic rudder was recently exhibited at a meeting of the Society of Arts. It is intended as a provision against those collisions which are due to lack of power to turn a vessel out of harm's way, and is more especially intended for large ships steered by steam power. The construction of the rudder can be understood by reference to the diagram (Fig. 3). The shaded portion represents the part which by means of chains can be pushed



out from the grooves in which it rests. These grooves are represented by dotted lines. The effective power of the rudder would be thus doubled should an emergency arise. The weakness of the plan seems to lie in the special appliances which would be required to put it into action, and its probable failure, unless it was kept in constant use. Still, it is hopeful enough to be worth a practical trial.

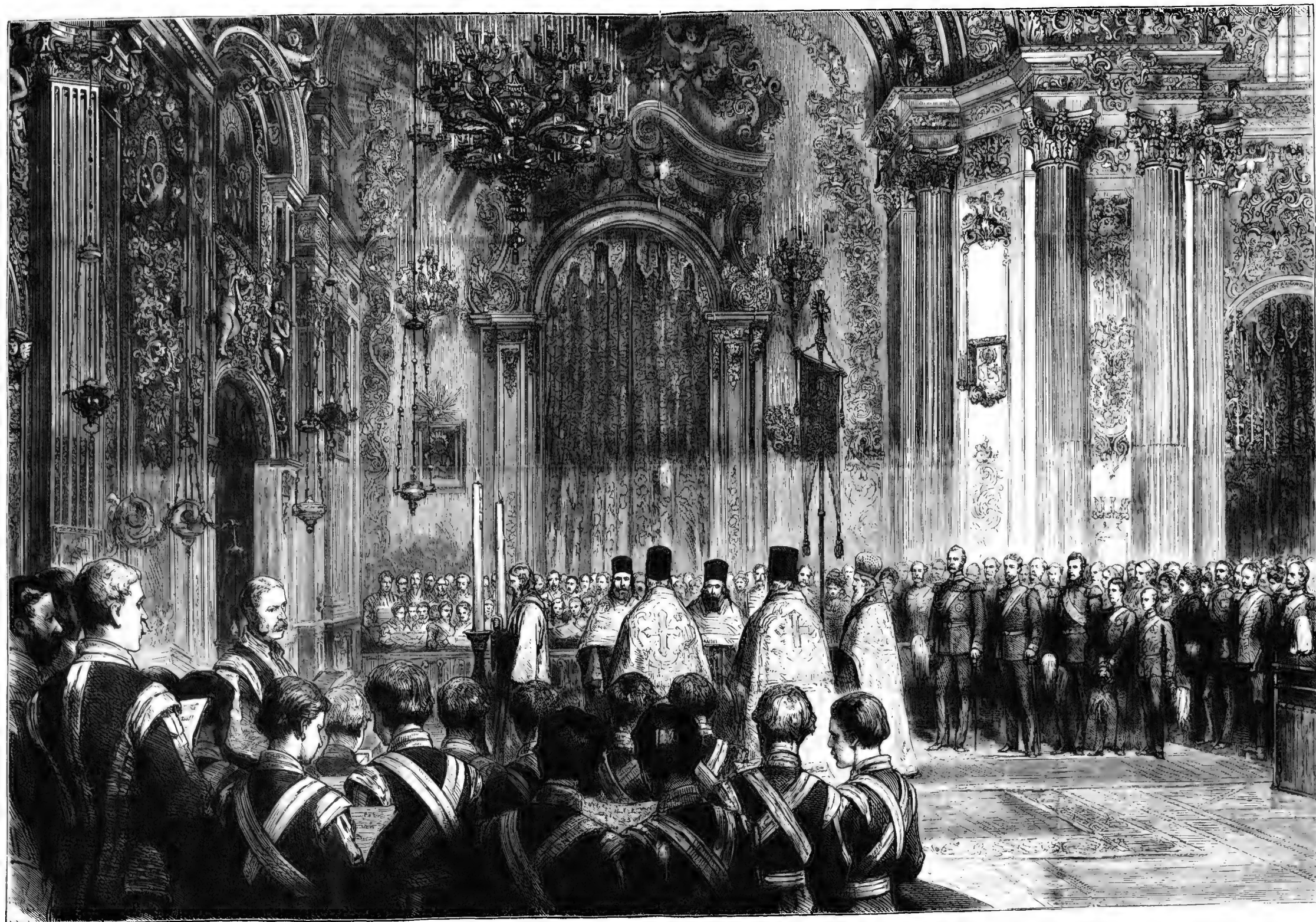
At a meeting of the same Society Dr. Cole read a very interesting paper upon a new metallic compound which was discovered about a year ago by Mr. J. B. Spence, and which is likely to prove useful in many arts and manufactures. It consists of an ore of iron pyrites charged with lead and zinc sulphides. It melts at 320°, or rather more than 100 degrees above boiling water, and, unlike the majority of metals, it expands on cooling. It exhibits great resistance to acids, and does not suffer any change from exposure to the atmosphere, the last fact having been proved by some months' exposure to the weather with which London has been lately favoured. If cast on a sheet of glass the metal shows a high polish, and the fact that a finger-mark on the glass was reproduced on the surface of the metal hints that it may prove useful in the stereotype process. Busts and other artistic productions can be made with it, from either metallic or plaster moulds. A gelatine film can also be made to give up its impression to this new compound, so that it may prove useful in the Woodburytype, and other photo-relief processes. It has also been successfully used in place of lead, for joining gas and water pipes. It is cheaper than lead, and occupies three times the bulk, and will therefore go three times as far as the latter metal. It will probably be found valuable for use in chemical works, and to replace ordinary water pipes for the avoidance of lead-poisoning. It is also suggested that it would form an effective material for the piping in the projected scheme for bringing seawater to the metropolis.

Professor Forbes, of Glasgow, has invented an instrument which he calls a Damoscope, for the estimation of the quantity of fire-damp present in the air of coal mines. It is based upon the alteration of the sound of a tuning-fork according to the density of the air in which it vibrates. The amount of gas present can be estimated to one-half per cent., and the instrument has already been adopted in one mine with satisfactory results.

A novel, but extremely simple method of obtaining a photograph in colour, or perhaps we should term it colouring a photograph, was recently brought before the Photographic Society of France. An ordinary negative is taken, and as many positive proofs on paper are printed from it as there are colours required in the finished picture. Each proof is devoted to a certain colour, the parts which are to bear the particular hue being cut out with a knife. Thus, in one proof, the sky and water would be blue, and only those parts would be removed. In another proof the grass and other green parts would be thus treated, so that each proof would in the result form a stencil plate. They are then rendered waterproof, and made to register with one another. After which they are placed one by one above a sheet of plain paper, and the different pigment due to each is brushed on in the ordinary manner pursued in stencilling. The paper is now floated on albumen, to fix the colours, after which it is rendered sensitive to light by immersion in a bath of nitrate of silver. When dry the negative is placed above it, exposed to sunlight, and the resulting print is toned and fixed like an ordinary photograph. It will be seen that this process is very like the chromolithographic method of printing, except that stencils are used instead of stones, and the lines are printed by the sun. It is clearly only available where a small number of prints are required, unless the tender stencil papers could be replaced by some more durable material.

T. C. H.

THE BRUSSELS NATIONAL EXHIBITION opens on June 1st, a month after the inauguration of the International Exhibition in the Palais du Midi, arranged by private enterprise for foreign contributions, and which will be permanent, while at the same time the Triennial Fine Art Exhibition will be held in the new Palais des Beaux-Arts. The buildings of the National Exhibition on the former Champ des Manœuvres cover thirty hectares, and include two large pavilions for the industrial arts and the retrospective exhibition, an enormous machinery gallery, and agricultural and horticultural exhibitions. In the grounds there will be a lake, a hippodrome, a panorama, an electric railway, a captive balloon, and the usual amount of restaurants.



THE WINTER PALACE—A "TE DEUM" IN THE IMPERIAL CHAPEL

THE DUDLEY GALLERY

It will be understood by all conversant with artistic matters that no very high degree of commendation is implied in the statement that the sixteenth Annual Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings at the Dudley Gallery is quite equal to its immediate predecessors. There are a few good drawings by artists of established reputation; but it is chiefly composed of the works of young and comparatively unknown painters. Careful and competent workmanship is to be seen in many of these; and, though they bear but a small proportion to the rest, there are some that show unmistakable indications of true artistic instinct. An instance is to be seen in the small picture by Mr. John White, called "Sweets" (98), representing a child opening a *bon-bon* box, to which a central place has been assigned. Of the truthful effect of this picture, of its rich harmony of colour, and admirable balance of light and shade, it would be difficult to speak too highly. When seen from a short distance, the effect is most satisfactory; but a closer examination shows that there is an almost entire absence of detail, and that the hands are incorrectly drawn. Another drawing by the same artist, "Near Woodstock Town" (57)—a sylvan landscape with a single figure—is remarkable for its delicate gradations of tone and excellent keeping. Both drawings show that the painter has a true sense of pictorial beauty, as well as a fine feeling for colour. They are, however, little more than sketches. It remains to be seen whether he will be able to combine their fine qualities with the completeness of realisation essential to work on a larger scale. Scarcely less fine in tone or less artistic in feeling than these are the two sketchy but forcible drawings by Mr. R. W. Allan, an artist whose work we now encounter for the first time, "Cellardyke" (281) and "Honsleur Harbour" (348). They are both strikingly suggestive of nature, and are painted with great freedom and precision of touch. By M. Jules Lessore, an artist hitherto unknown in England, but obviously a master of his craft, there is a large drawing of "The Beach, Southwick" (24), with a wrecked ship in the foreground. Besides its general truth of effect and vigorous handling, it is remarkable for the artistic way in which the different elements of the composition are combined. Not less excellent in its way is the artist's smaller picture of "Notre Dame, Paris" (577), seen under the influence of a stormy sky. In a drawing of "The Moorish Patio at Granada" (187) M. Gustave Gillman has succeeded in giving a very vivid impression of bright sunshine. The architectural details are extremely well drawn, and the picture would be entirely satisfactory but for the goats in the foreground, which are badly grouped and out of keeping with the rest. Mr. A. De Breanski is by no means an unknown painter; but his view of "Cader Idris" (34) is so different from his former work, and so greatly in advance of it, that it may be regarded as a novelty. All the scene is in shadow, save the rugged peaks of the mountain, which, illuminated by the warm light of the setting sun, stand out in strong relief against the cold sky. The effect is striking, and is rendered with unexaggerated truth. The large picture of "Tintagel Castle, Cornwall" (43), by Mr. W. T. Richards, seems to us greatly inferior to his picture which created so favourable an impression here last year. The masses of rock are drawn in all their details with geological accuracy; but the shadows are black and impenetrable, and the impression of space is imperfectly given.

As on former occasions, the portraits of children, by Mr. J. C. Moore, form one of the most attractive features of the display. The group of two demure little girls, the "Daughters of A. Percival Heywood, Esq." (84), strikes us as the best, but the rest are scarcely inferior to it. The heads in all of them are charmingly ingenious and childlike in character, and as well as the hands are painted with extreme delicacy and refinement. The accessory objects, too—the flowering plants, porcelain vessels, and the like—which form important features in the composition and scheme of colour, are most artistically introduced. By Mr. Keeley Halswelle there is a picture of a red-robed Cardinal seated in his stall, called "A Member of the Conclave" (320), full of character, and painted with great breadth and force. A picture by Cesare Maccari, representing a lady in fashionable costume, and a child placing a flower on "The Tomb of Raphael in the Pantheon, Rome" (413), has the sparkling brilliancy of colour and dexterity of handling to be seen in most of the pictures by the imitators of Fortuny; but it is deficient in tone, and entirely false in effect. Mr. Walter Crane sends a decorative composition, "With Pipe and Flute" (555), consisting of two half-draped female figures, with a conventional landscape background; and a single figure, "Cupid" (598). The last-named is the best, being large in style and fine in colour; but in both the figures are very incorrectly designed. Miss Kate Greenaway's series of five separate figures, each intended to typify "Springtime" (333), is not a very successful effort in the way of decorative art; but her small picture, "A School Girl" (649), is delightfully quaint and humorous in character and expression. The large landscape by Mr. Joseph Knight, "A By-Path o'er the Moor" (215), is, like all his works, austere in style and solidly painted. The varying undulations in the wide expanse of rush-grown swampy moorland are accurately studied, and the numerous figures are skilfully introduced. Two other excellent examples of landscape draughtsmanship are to be seen in Mr. H. Moore's "A Break in the Mist" (44) and his "Early Morning with Heavy Dew" (60). In both the minor facts of nature are most faithfully portrayed; but all the details are subordinate to the general harmony and comprehensive truth of effect. Among the best of the remaining works are a small picture of "Hillsborough, Ilfracombe" (35), remarkable for its purity and freshness of tone, by Mr. C. Thornely; a well-painted and truthful river-scene, called "A Drowsy Land" (89), by Mr. A. Parsons; a large landscape with figures, by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, called "A Message" (107); and several picturesque Dutch street scenes, well painted and full of local character, by Mr. A. B. Donaldson.



FISHING.—Recent rains have satisfactorily increased the volume of the streams, but fish, as a rule, are far from numerous. Net fishing on the Tweed opened on the 16th February, but, so far, has not been good. Further North, from the Tay we hear of better luck, including the landing of a 50 lb. salmon. Mr. J. B. Haynes, the successful angler, was nearly two hours engaged over the giant from the time of the bite. Two monster pike, weighing 36 and 30½ lbs. respectively, have been taken near Norwich. Salmon in Ireland have been selling at 2s. per lb.

THE CORN FIELDS.—Wheat is still backward, and has a thin appearance. It generally wants vigour, though here and there a vigorous growth may be seen. Such favourable result is probably due to the use of 1878 seed; indeed, so thoroughly bad, weak, and poor was last year's wheat crop, that we feel considerable anxiety for the out-turn of 1879 seed, even with favourable weather. The same remarks apply to barley, and in some districts to oats. Farmers sometimes use for seed not only ordinary corn, but even corn which they have found unsaleable at market. A more unwise proceeding can hardly be imagined. For a small present saving the whole future crop is diminished. When the grain is damp, as this year it notoriously is, farmers should likewise be careful how they dry it, as too great a heat greatly injures, and of course may even

destroy, the germinating power of the grain. Barley last year was a failure; nevertheless we hope farmers will sow liberally this spring.

LOCAL STORMS.—From the 16th to the 22nd of February various districts of the United Kingdom were visited by serious local storms. Two persons were killed near Cork by lightning; a whirlwind and hailstorm in South Somerset uprooted trees and wrecked conservatories, while round the coasts a number of ships have been lost.

BEER TO FARM LABOURERS.—Many agriculturists object to the custom of supplying beer to farm labourers, but the men naturally cling to the observance, and even in many cases refuse to take an extra money wage by way of compensation. We have heard labourers frankly informing the farmer that the beer they got they were themselves refreshed with, but the money went to their wives, and therefore "they stuck to the beer." A correspondent of an agricultural journal says that the men, being thirsty, want a present supply of liquor, but suggests in lieu of beer the supply of a "temperance cordial." But what is a temperance cordial? Robur, the new tea spirit, never became old, and the agricultural labourer is hardly the man to be satisfied with lime-juice.

SHORTHORNS AT BIRMINGHAM.—The Exhibition which opens on Thursday, March 10, will be the largest of the kind ever seen in the great Midland town. The entries number 441 against under 400 last year. Bull-calves are the most numerous class, and there are few over three years old.

RHEUMATISM AMONG HORSES.—This painful and wearying affliction seems to be much more frequently heard of in relation to the stable than used to be the case. The well-known veterinarian, Mr. Connachie, considers this to be the result of want of care after clipping. We have ourselves noticed horses clipped in November standing shivering in the late autumnal winds, and this in the carriages of country gentlemen who might be expected to have a better care of their animals.

CART HORSES.—At an important horse sale on the 11th of February twenty-five cart-horses, the property of Mr. Crowther, were sold, and the total sum realised was 2,292*l.*, or close on 92*l.* each.

GRASS SEED.—England's imports last year cost 755,636*l.*, and they are expected for 1880 to equal one million sterling. Here is another little expense that might well be saved.

A PRACTICAL BENEFIT TO IRELAND.—Messrs. Guinness and Co., seedsmen, are distributing at cost price for cash in the provinces of Ireland supplies of the best Scotch and English barley for seed. Having previously pointed out the dangers of sowing inferior seed, we need say nothing further as to the real usefulness of this measure.

THE ROYAL PRIZE FARM COMPETITION.—The judges, Mr. H. J. Little, Coldham Hall, Wisbech; Mr. J. Outhwaite, Baines, Caterick; and Mr. Brown, Chippenham, appointed to award the prizes for the best-managed farms, are now in Cumberland, in the Carlisle district, taking note of the stock on the different farms entered.

FARMERS' MEETING.—Owing to the heavy losses incurred by farmers in the Midland Counties through bad seasons, and the rot among the sheep, a considerable number of farms will be vacated at Lady-Day next, and great difficulty is experienced in finding new tenants. A meeting to which persons of every shade of politics are invited is announced to be held at Lutterworth to form an association for promoting such an alteration in the law of rating as will relieve the land and other hereditaments of their present excessive contribution to national and local taxation.

THE ROT AMONG LIVE STOCK.—We learn on the high authority of the *Bristol Times* that the fatal sheep disease now so prevalent has spread to cattle, and even to hares and rabbits. Another sign of the seriousness of this disease is to be seen in the discussion which has recently occurred at the Ludlow Board of Guardians. Complaints were made of the great number of sheep lying dead and unburied over the Herefordshire fields, and orders were sent out for the removal of the nuisance. In Somersetshire and in Devonshire we can personally vouch for the existence of a similar state of things. No remedy for the disease seems to be known.

QUEER PEOPLE: A VICAR'S LADY

"Yes, ma'am, Mrs. Motterling is at home. Will you walk in? She will be down stairs presently."

The visitor entered the large and richly furnished hall of A—n Rectory, and was just in time to see the figure of Mrs. Motterling retreating at the top of the broad oak staircase. She saw plainly enough that Mrs. Motterling was in morning dress, and ready apparently to receive visitors, but she had to wait fully twenty minutes before the lady of the house made her appearance. When the drawing-room door opened, and Mrs. Motterling did enter, her visitor's look of astonishment might have disconcerted a less self-possessed lady.

Mrs. Motterling was fully arrayed in walking attire. Round her shoulders was a very fine Indian shawl; that, however, was not so very remarkable, but on her head was a huge garden hat made of straw, and trimmed with gorgeous yellow artificial flowers. Attached to this was a thick white veil. It fell over Mrs. Motterling's face, and completely concealed her features.

Thus attired, she sat down, and entered into conversation with her visitor.

As soon as she left the house Mrs. Motterling went up stairs, and took off the hat and shawl.

In due course of time the same visitor called again. It was only her second visit to the house, and when she got into the drawing-room she at once noticed the large straw hat and veil lying on one of the sofas. In a few minutes the door opened, and the servant came in. She gave a look round, saw the hat, quickly took it up, and vanished without saying a word.

By and by Mrs. Motterling entered with the hat on, and the veil over her face. She was dressed exactly as she had been when her visitor first saw her.

In a cosy little room where a bright fire was burning two ladies sat chatting and drinking tea.

From the ordinary topics of the day they had drifted to a lively conversation about their neighbours.

Very soon Mrs. Motterling's name was mentioned. The younger lady of the two said that she had called the day before.

"It is the second time I have called," she exclaimed, "and I have not yet seen her face properly. Does she always wear that queer hat and veil?"

"Oh dear no, she does not wear it in the evening, but you will never see her without it in the daytime."

"Do you mean to say that she dresses up like that to receive her visitors?"

"Yes, as soon as a visitor is announced, Mrs. Motterling puts on her shawl, hat, and veil, and then she comes down to the drawing-room."

"Oh! I see. When I went in yesterday the hat was in the drawing-room, and the servant came for it, and when Mrs. Motterling came in she had it on. I thought it very strange at the time."

"Well, no one knows exactly why she behaves in such a curious way, but I fancy she does not like people to see how old she is; for you know she is quite an old woman."

"How did Mr. Motterling come to marry her?"

"Oh, he married her for her money and her interest. Some of her relatives have great interest in the Church. She was a widow living in the parish where Mr. Motterling was curate. I forget now where it was—somewhere in the country."

"How curious! He is such a meek, timid little man that I wonder how he ever had the courage to propose such a thing as marriage to her."

"Yes, and she has her own way in everything. He must be miserably weak-minded to tolerate those cats."

"Cats? What cats?"

"Oh! Have you not heard that Mrs. Motterling—"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the servant opening the door to announce another visitor, so the subject of Mrs. Motterling's peculiarities was dropped.

There was grief and lamentation in the old Rectory to which Mr. Motterling had taken his elderly bride. But all the grief was felt and all the lamentation made by Mrs. Motterling herself.

Fido, dear, darling Fido, was dead, and Fido's fond mistress was inconsolable.

Every one else in the house rejoiced, for Fido had been a petted, wheezing, overfed, long-haired nuisance. The unhappy dog's declining years had been made quite a burden to it by Mrs. Motterling's foolish pampering, and her utter ignorance of a lap dog's requirements in the way of daily nourishment.

Fido might have been the apple of his mistress's eye for a much longer period if she had only been able to understand the language of dogs, and hear the pathetic complaints which Fido made day after day about his asthma and his miserable dyspepsia, but she could not, so, of course, Fido had no option but to leave a world in which he was treated "not wisely, but too well." For some time Mrs. Motterling would not have the defunct Fido removed, but it was pointedly suggested to her that she must either have him stuffed or buried. But Mrs. Motterling received the suggestion about stuffing with the strongest indignation.

What! have her darling pet cut and skinned and hacked about by an unfeeling taxidermist! No! Fido should never suffer such an indignity.

However, she saw the necessity of having the dog buried, so fitting arrangements were made for Fido's funeral.

Some days later she told the story of poor dear Fido's death and burial to a lady who came to visit her.

"We buried the poor dear on Monday afternoon. It was a lovely day, and the sun was shining brightly as I silently carried my lost pet to its grave. I had the grave dug just under the church-yard wall in the garden. I will show you the place presently. All the servants came, and I told them to dress in black."

Her listener, who could hardly keep her countenance during the recital, here ventured to say:

"And did they come in black?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Motterling, "they were all in deep mourning, and so we buried poor Fido in solemn silence, and, do you know, I believe the servants thought that Mr. Motterling would come and read the burial service!"

The story of Fido's burial "in solemn silence" was repeated, of course, but though every one was amused, no one was at all surprised to hear it, for old Mrs. Motterling's peculiarities were well known.

The Rectory of Crainton was to have a new tenant. The news soon got abroad that Mr. Motterling had got preferment. Through his wife's interest he was promoted to a more valuable living.

So in due time the Motterlings prepared to remove their household gods to their new abode. There was no great difficulty about the furniture, but Mrs. Motterling was in despair about her pets, and well she might be. For once her husband was firm, and made her understand that they must be left behind.

The cocks and hens could be sold, but Mrs. Motterling was loth to part with them. She was certain that they would not be treated by anyone else as they had been by her. She was quite right. Nothing was more unlikely than that her feathered pets would find similar quarters when they left her hospitable roof. People usually house their poultry in a suitable building erected out of doors.

Mrs. Motterling had her own views on the subject, and kept poultry indoors. One of the bedrooms of her house was converted into a hen-roost. Sometimes visitors approaching the front entrance chanced to see one of the cocks sitting in the window, for the hen-room faced the carriage drive.

But if Mrs. Motterling had stopped at turning a bedroom into a fowl-house it would not have been quite so bad. The cocks and hens were, of course, a great nuisance and quite out of place, still no one would hesitate to prefer a room full of poultry to a room full of cats!

Fancy a room full of cats in a dwelling-house! Fancy the condition of a house in which one of the bedrooms was the dormitory of five-and-thirty cats!

Mrs. Motterling's love of cats was her weak point. She was partial to birds of any kind, she made a fool of herself about dogs, but cats she loved with an affection that amounted to a mania.

Servant after servant left her house. They could not put up with the cats. They did not object to two, or even three, in the house, but a menagerie of them was too much even for the humblest "slavey's" toleration. So when Mrs. Motterling came to realise the fact that she and her darling cats had to be parted, her poor old wrinkled face was the picture of dismay. Her first thought was to try and find a good home for each cat; so she went about and made very praiseworthy efforts to induce kindly people to adopt her pets.

But to find homes, and suitable homes, for such a goodly number of "toms and tabbies" was impossible in a country place. People had their own cats, and did not want other people's as well.

The poor old lady got two or three adopted, and then she sat down and cried.

Her cats were doomed. Nothing could save them, and Mrs. Motterling knew it perfectly well—*hinc ille lacrymæ*. To be poisoned, or to be drowned, that was the question. After a while she decided that death from "the cup of cold poison" was to be their fate. So a suitable person was sent for to carry out her resolution. Alas, poor Grimalkins!

"The state of the house, sir, was awful; we should all have been laid up with fever in a week if I had taken my family into it as it was. That old woman must have been made to have allowed the house to get into such a state. I've been obliged to have the papers off, the wainscoting removed, and the boards—all the boards—taken up in some of the rooms and burned. The place was pestilential."

The new Rector of Crainton told his grievance to every one he met; but his cup of wrath was not yet full. For some days he was busy with workmen, making the house habitable. At last he chanced to ask what had been done with the dead cats.

"Oh! the old lady had a big grave made for 'em all out in the garden—she saw to it 'erself."

"I wonder where they were put; it would be just as well to know," thought the Rector.

He accordingly made inquiries and found out.

"I would have forgiven the state of the house and all the inconvenience it put me to," said the Rector afterwards; "but I can't forgive her for burying all the carcasses of those vile cats as close as she could put them to my drinking-teal."

THE "TORGHATTEN" ROCK, NORWAY

All travellers on their way north to the "Home of the Midnight Sun" are sure to be called out of their cosy berths in the comfortable coasting steamer along the coast of Norway at an unusual early hour to see the mountain of "Torghatten," and those who do not avail themselves of this opportunity will lose the sight of one of the most fanciful freaks of Nature. As you come on deck your eyes are dazzled by the bright light, and you think it must be very late indeed—it is only one or two A.M. after all—you follow the direction of all the hands you see pointing toward the shore, and you behold the remarkable and much-talked-of "Torghatten." This mountain takes its name from its great resemblance to a wide-awake hat, and the farther off you see it the peculiar shape becomes more striking. On a small island 65½ deg. N., a granite rock rises to a height of about 800 feet above the sea, and in the upper part of it, some 250 feet below the summit, you discover a large hole, or, perhaps, more correctly, a tunnel, through which you can see right through the mountain. This is, we believe, the only formation of the kind to be found anywhere at such a height, and in a massive granite rock. The tunnel is 520 feet long, and about 200 feet high. The width ranges from about 36 feet in the middle of the tunnel to 80 feet at the two ends. The roof and the sides are solid rock, but the bottom of the tunnel is a complete *débris* of rocks and stones, and it is supposed that the formation of the tunnel has been occasioned by this particular part of the rock having been undermined by several of the small streams which issue from the rocks on both sides, and then fallen in. There are of course several legends connected with this mountain. One relates how a mighty giant fell in love with a beautiful maid of the Jutul race. She did not, however, return the love of the great unmannerly brute, and fled secretly to Lekö, an island a few miles off. The giant discovered the flight, and he mounted his horse in pursuit of the damsel. She had just passed round the rocky island we are now describing, and was very near safely landed on the shores of Lekö, when the giant took his bow and shot with his unerring aim a heavy bolt after the runaway maiden. The bolt passed through the mountain, and has left an incontestable proof of the powers of the giants or Jutuls of Scandinavia; but at this juncture the Fates took pity on the maid, and before the fatal bolt entered her breast, they mercifully converted her to a solid rock, now called the Lekömaid. The shape of the rock resembles the figure of a woman enveloped in a cloak. The savage giant did not escape his punishment. He was turned into stone, and will to this day be found in Hestmandö, another rocky island, shaped like a mantled and helmeted horseman. This island is situated on the border of the Arctic circle. With such remarkable testimony as to the veracity of the legends of the North, it is no wonder that the peasantry cling to the old superstitions and their marvellous legends with great tenacity.

You take another look around you at these memorable landmarks and at the splendour of the bright Arctic night. You descend to your cabin, and dream about Jutuls, Trolls, and other heroes of the Northern folklore.

H. L. B.



Two more volumes of the "Great Artists" Series (Sampson Low and Co.) give us respectively Leonardo da Vinci and the Figure Painters of Holland. The former is by Dr. Jean Paul Richter, author of "The Mosaics of Ravenna," the latter by Lord Ronald Gower. Dr. Richter, who writes in German (his translator is Mr. Percy Pinkerton), has gone to work with German thoroughness, and has thrown fresh light on Leonardo's life out of the London and Windsor MSS. Leonardo painted very little. His contemporary Verino wrote of him: "Multis vix unam perficit annis;" and Dr. Richter is so scrupulous that he only vouches for ten—five in each period. Of these, four are in Paris, two in England—one, an exquisite chalk cartoon of the "Madonna with St. Anne," of which this volume contains a double-page engraving, in the Royal Academy; the other, a panel painting, of which "La Vierge aux Rochers," in the Louvre, is a *replica*, in Lord Suffolk's collection at Charlton Park. The lost pictures in Dr. Richter's list only amount to nineteen; there are four lost sculptures. Of forgeries there is a vast number. Nearly half Luini's pictures, for instance (most of them in England), are set down to Leonardo. This was till quite lately the case with "The Young Christ and the Four Scribes" (No. 18, National Gallery). It must be vexatious to find that one's cherished Da Vinci is really by a pupil; but Dr. Richter gives good reasons for his exclusiveness. The famous Milan "Last Supper" has been repainted at least thrice. A cartoon which faces it, painted in 1495, some years earlier than Leonardo's work, is in excellent preservation; but Leonardo unfortunately mixed his colours with oil, and this did more to ruin his work than even the pelting with brickbats which it got from Napoleon's dragoons. Raphael Morghen's engraving (made in 1800) was taken not from the original, but from a drawing which Mattei made for the Grand Duke of Tuscany from one of Marco d'Oggionno's copies. Fortunately Leonardo's drawings are very numerous; from the Windsor collection Dr. Richter gives a very spirited sketch for the "Last Supper." There is also an engraving attributed to him in the Print Room of the British Museum. The great painter was also an engineer, and was employed by Ludovico Sforza, and afterwards by Caesar Borgia, to make maps and plans, and to sketch machines, &c. He was great in anatomy, and his "Trattato della Pittura" may still be read with profit, as indeed may his "Philosophical Maxims." Of Dutch figure painters Lord R. Gower gives sixteen, from Gerard van Honthorst, born in 1590, to Caspar Netscher, forty-nine years his junior. The engravings, as in the whole series, are very unequal; but those of Maes's "Idle Servant" and Pieter de Hooch's "Morning Toilet" are far above the average. De Hooch deserves to be well represented; for he is, in Lord Ronald's words, "one of the most original artists of any time, school, or country," though, like Cuyper and Hobbema, he was not appreciated for nearly a century after his death. Dealers used actually to erase the signatures from those pictures of Hobbema and De Hooch which are now so justly prized. Lord Ronald's book is much pleasanter reading than the very German work of Dr. Richter. He has an interesting subject, though it was hardly fair on him to take Hals and Rembrandt out of his hands. The Dutch are our near kinsfolk; and Dutch art has always been highly appreciated in England. Sir Joshua Reynolds said: "Painters should go to the Dutch school to learn how to paint, as they would go to a grammar school to learn languages," and Bürger tells us: "Le grand Lord Wellington surtout adorait les Steen." That Jan Steen should have suffered at the hands of his biographers we do not wonder; for in his portrait of himself (capitally engraved) he looks of the earth earthy, if not of the beer-can beery. We like Lord R. Gower's book; but why does he talk of the *clints* of Adriaen Brouwer's dressmaker-mother?

"The Laws of Moses," says Mr. Benny, "are about as well calculated to give one an insight into the Hebrew legal scheme as a perusal of our Statute Book—a collection of our Acts of Parliament, our written law—alone, without the aid of common law and precedent, would give of the English system of judicial procedure." He therefore takes us to the Talmud, and from it gives us "The

Criminal Code of the Jews" (Smith and Elder), the constitution of the Courts, the rules of evidence, the form of trial in capital cases, &c. Very notable is the extreme unwillingness to pronounce sentence of death. An execution was looked on as a misfortune to the whole city; and the knowledge that a life, "declared by tradition to be equal to a world," depended on their verdict, made the judges sparing of food and drink during the trial. The Hebrew code is much clearer than ours as to what constitutes murder. Malice and intent must be proved, and our legal fignments of constructive malice and constructive murder were undreamed of by the Jews. Again, with us everybody is supposed to know the law; the Mishna requires, in order to secure conviction, proof that one of the witnesses had warned the accused of the gravity of the offence he was going to commit. How this worked in the case of murder is not quite clear; Mr. Benny says one thing, M. Rabinowicz another. But, as women were held to be unversed in the law, a woman accused of adultery was presumed to be ignorant of the serious character of the crime unless evidence of the "preliminary caution" was forthcoming! For perjury the Pentateuch enacts the Egyptian penalty of tit for tat. A little consideration will show that in practice this is inapplicable; the Talmud, therefore, provides one uniform punishment—stripes. Mr. Benny's book, reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is one of the fruits of Dr. Deutsch's article. Till that article was written, most of us looked on the Talmud as a farrago of trivialities. Mr. Benny shows its legal value; not only did it supplement the Pentateuch, but it enacted new laws and modified old ones—e.g., the *lex talionis* and the law concerning a stubborn and rebellious son.

Professor Masson has at last completed the great work which is so well described by its two-fold title: "The Life of John Milton in Connection with the History of His Time. Vol. VI." (Macmillan).—So liberally does he interpret this connection that the array of facts, religious and political, is well nigh exhaustive. This volume begins with the wild outburst of loyalty at the Restoration; and the quickly following trial and cruel execution of Axtell, Hewlet, Hugh Peters, and the rest; the strange rising of Venner and his handful of Fifth Monarchy men; and the grim celebration of King Charles the Martyr's day by "publicly dragging to Tyburn those odious carcasses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw," to see which sight went Pepys's young wife and my Lady Batten. Of the Irish difficulty, with its schemers and counter-schemers—Oliverians (as Professor Masson calls the Cromwellians) becoming good Church and State men that they might keep their lands, Roman Catholics turning "Tories" and Rapparees in despair of compensation for their losses—we have a clear sketch, followed by a longer account of the state of things in Scotland. Then comes the discussion of Milton's complete escape, wonderingly commented on by Burnet; "than which there is no greater historical puzzle." A very large space is given to the Restoration literature; Hobbism being treated of at length, and stigmatised as "partly a reproduction, partly a most original version, of an eternally base philosophy;" Hooke's unkind (and, we think, unfair) picture of Hobbism is given at full length. Fancy the philosopher of Malmesbury "larding and sealing every asseveration with a round oath, undervaluing all other men's judgment, and full of conceit about his own." Prof. Masson's plan is, as before, to divide each book into an historical and a biographical chapter. Most readers will naturally fix on the latter, though over the troubles of part of Milton's later life—the melancholy story of his daughters, mewed up in the house in Jewin Street, "combining with his maid-servant to cheat him in her marketings, and selling some of his books to the dunghill woman"—we should prefer to draw a veil. Professor Masson very minutely traces Milton's descendants down to Mrs. Clarke, for whom Addison nearly got a pension. Throughout his political chapters he clearly shows his own feelings. We can go along with him when he speaks of "the terrible St. Bartholomew's Day of 1662, and the wrench to English society for generations to come caused by ejecting or silencing more than two thousand parish pastors." "Oliver's Broad Church" is the only phrase at which we cavil; whatever the Protector may have personally felt, circumstances often made him as narrow as the Churchmen whom he ousted. Milton's narrowness in regard to vestments is amusingly shown in his description of the bishops "under sail in all their lawn and sarcenet, their shrouds and tackle, with a geometrical rhomboides upon their head." As we have said, the work is, within its range, well-nigh exhaustive. Perhaps there is a trifle too much of Pepys, that wretched scandal-monger, "zig-zagging in and out of Whitehall," whose inuendoes make us think even worse of the Restoration Court than it deserves. We are glad that a copious index is promised.

Mr. Froude was sure to do ample justice, after his peculiar fashion, to such a congenial subject as "Bunyan," the new volume of "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan). Whether "the conventional phrases of Evangelical Christianity ring untrue in a modern ear like a cracked bell" or not, certain it is (and we are glad to have Mr. Froude's witness to the certainty) that they are expressing one mode of the truth which lies at the fountain head of human morality—"that self must be cast out before a man can take the first step towards excellence." The whole chapter on "Conviction of Sin" deserves to rank with the best of the "Short Essays on Great Subjects;" and the analyses of Bunyan's "Life and Death of Mr. Badman" and of "The Holy War" will, we hope, remind many that Bunyan wrote more than one work, and that competent judges have said "The Holy War" would be the first of religious allegories had not the "Pilgrim's Progress" been written. Few of us are aware that in his "Discourse on Antichrist," published after he was let out of prison in 1672, and at once licensed as Pastor of the Bedford Baptist Chapel, Bunyan "credited Charles with the most righteous intentions, and urged his countrymen to be loyal and faithful to him." . . . Perhaps he really hoped, as long as hope was possible, that good might come out of the Stuarts. Mr. Froude does not, we believe, deign to notice the theory that possibly Bunyan may have seen the medieval allegories which bear some faint resemblance to his great work. Charles Doe said of his library: "The least, but yet the best that e'er I saw, the Bible and Foxe's Book of Martyrs;" but either his early training at Belford Grammar School must have stood him in good stead, or he must have read many other books in later life. Aleotto and other names in "The Holy War," as well as the quaint Latinisms in his verses, show culture of a very different kind from that of an average local preacher nowadays. Mr. Froude remarks that "if young Bunyan was one of the most vicious lads of his neighbourhood, the moral standard of an English seventeenth-century town must have been higher than believers in progress will be pleased to allow;" we would add that, unless Bunyan's culture was far above the average of his class, the things must have got worse instead of better with us in regard to the education of the poor. That young Bunyan was by no means the monster of vice which his condemnation of himself, taken literally, implies, we can well believe. Mr. Froude is sure that we ought not to take him literally; neither does he agree with Lord Macaulay that Greatheart, Boanerges, and the rest are evidently portraits of the martial saints who fought and expounded in Fairfax's army. Perhaps not portraits; for it is almost certain that Bunyan, at the siege of Leicester, was on the King's side; but still Bunyan reproductions of what he had heard described over and over again. The air was full of the spirit which lives and breathes in his sublime allegories.

Mr. R. P. Pullan's "Eastern Cities and Italian Towns" (Stanford) may be regarded as an acceptable supplement to the ordinary guide-books to the countries bordering the Mediterranean, which as a rule do not contain such complete information respecting the architecture,

ecclesiastic and domestic, of the places described as many travellers would like. Most of us do not care for the admirable, but too technical, text-books of Street or Freeman, and this little book meets us, as it were, half-way, and will be found useful in some degree. We may mention at the same time another work by the same author, "Elementary Lectures on Christian Architecture" (Stanford), which is a fitting introduction, and indeed might be called a companion, to the first.

"The British Tradesman," and other sketches, by J. F. Sullivan (Fun Office), though displaying much of the keen sarcasm and biting irony which characterised "The British Workman," does not seem to us to be quite as funny as its predecessor. There is a certain sameness in the humour of the sketches which perhaps could not easily have been avoided, but which nevertheless is apt to grow a trifle wearisome.

In "Bye-Words" (Macmillan) Miss Charlotte M. Yonge has given us a collection of tales, old and new, of a more or less striking and entertaining character. "The Boy Bishop," which is the first of the series, strikes us as being the best, the pathos and half-bright, half-sad romance of the story being dealt with in a very successful manner. Taken as a whole, however, the volume will bear reading, and will doubtless give pleasure to a wide circle of readers.

The only fault we have to find with "A Short Geography of the British Isles," by J. R. Green and Alice S. Green (Macmillan), is that it appears rather too advanced for general school use. The authors are to be commended for a well-meant and tolerably successful endeavour to render the study of geography a more pleasant task for the school-boy than has hitherto been the case; for, as is remarked in the preface, the text-book generally in use are simply hand-books of mnemonics, and appeals to the memory. It is decidedly a step in the right direction; but we wish the book had been written in a simpler style.

With this we may mention the two new additions to the Messrs. Blackie's admirable "Comprehensive School Series"—"Myths and Legends of Greece and Rome," a popular account of Greek and Roman Mythology, by E. M. Berens; and "The British Biographical Reader," a collection of sketches of prominent men, by well-known authors, and (what is novel in works of this class) including notices from *The Times* and the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

"Original Readings," in prose and verse, by Re. Henry (Newman and Co.), have been read in public by several whose names are not unknown to fame, including Mrs. Stirling, who contributes a very friendly preface. There is considerable power and effect in some of the pieces, and any one with a talent for recitation will find the collection useful.

Bret Harte is scarcely up to his usual high level in his latest work, "Jeff Briggs's Love Story" (Chatto and Windus). There is, of course, much of his sharp insight into human nature, his kindly though withal pungent criticism of human foibles and follies, and some brief but exquisite descriptions of scenery, as well as the many other charms and graces of his style; but in parts there are evidences of hasty workmanship and want of care. The behaviour also of the heroine in the reconciliation in the final chapter strikes us as being unwomanly and unlikely to the last degree. Despite these blemishes—and they are not many—the story, as may easily be guessed, is singularly pleasant reading. The plot is delightfully improbable, but this however does not much matter.

In "Squattermania" (S. Tinsley and Co.) "Erro" has given to the world some simply recorded, yet interesting and instructive, experiences and observations of life in the Colonies. The intending emigrant—who, as a rule, is self-complacently satisfied that he knows everything necessary—would do well to peruse this work, for it contains a few lessons which it is well that he should learn. There is the impress of truth in the sketches of colonial life; but they would not have lost in value if the clumsily told story in which they are wrapped had been omitted.

"Uncle Grumpy" (S. Tinsley and Co.) is a collection of short plays for juvenile actors and actresses, by Robert St. John Corbet. Simplicity is the only merit they possess. Still, boy and girl players even want something more than this rather negative virtue, and when they go in for fun, they like it to be real. The kind of thing presented to them here is not exhilarating.

"Practical Penmanship," by W. D. Prior (G. Routledge and Sons), is, as far as we know, a novelty in the way of hand-books. We commend it to the study of those innumerable sinners whose hand-writing either totters, sprawls, cuddles itself, "walks wide i' the legs," or wanders hopelessly in undecipherable mazes. If only half of them were each to take a copy, the little volume would have a grand sale.

"The Servants' Practical Guide" (F. Warne and Co.), despite its title, is expressly written for the use of masters and mistresses. It gives much information, more or less useful to all classes; but the book seems chiefly intended for those whose incomes are snugly comfortable, the less fortunate class of housekeepers being rather mercilessly put in the shade, and, to use an expressive vulgarism, "sat upon."

Another hand-book to the Riviera! "Winter Havens in the Sunny South," by Rosa Baughan (*Bazaar Office*), is nevertheless acceptable, for it is pleasantly and chattily written, refreshingly short, and its varied information is pitifully put. In these respects it is a model "guide," and supplies a want.

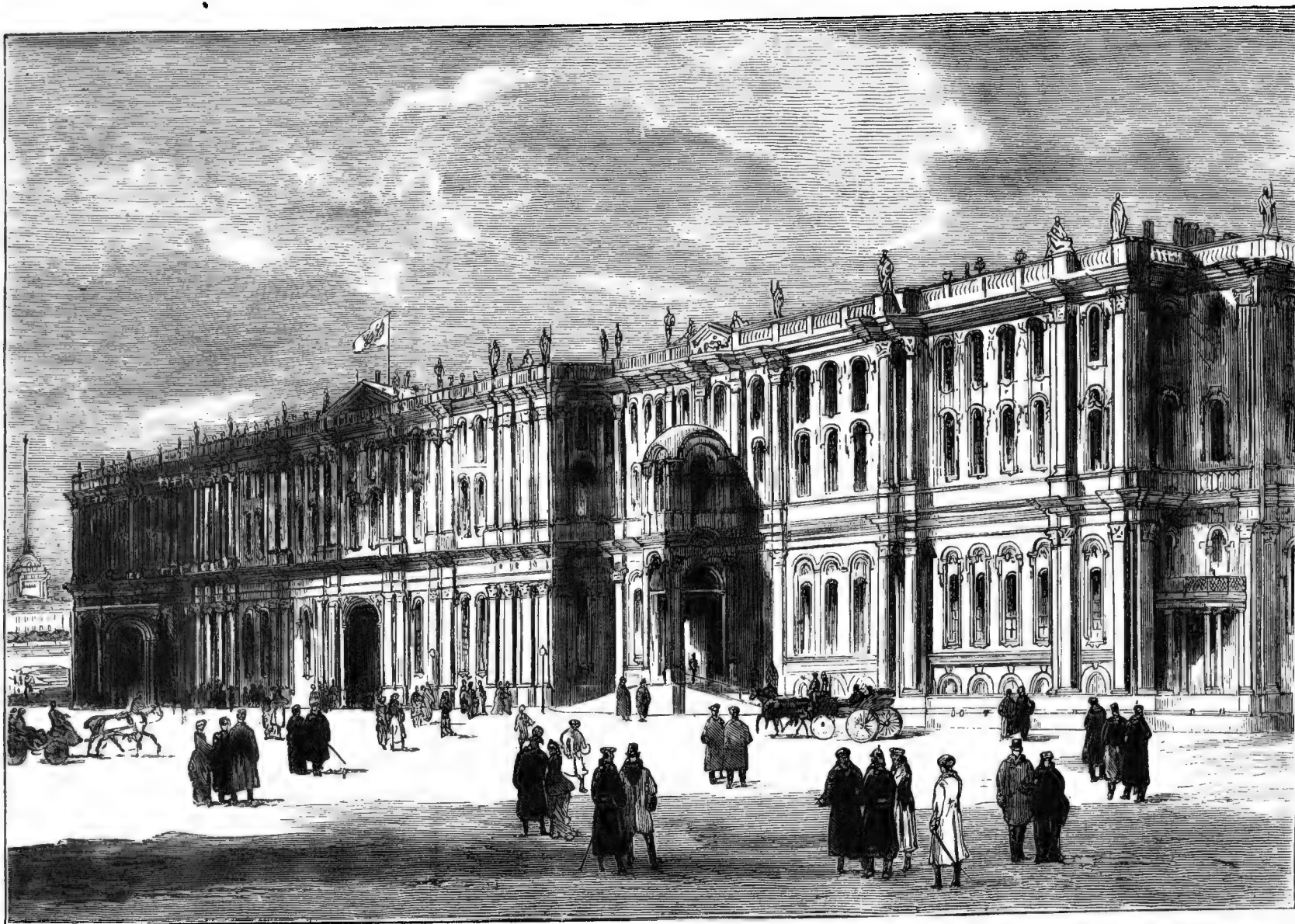
"Who are the Irish?" (David Bogue) is the first of a series of little works on the nationalities of the United Kingdom, by James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. It is a clever, very readable, and concise *resumé* of the history of the Irish nation, from the early days before the epoch of the stone-builders to the time of the English "plantation." Despite our boasted advance in educational matters, it is doubtful whether very many of us have any clear idea of the early history of the peoples who go to make the sum total of British nationality, and these manuals will do a good and by no means an unimportant service in spreading a wider knowledge of the subject.

"How to Excel in Study," edited by James Mason (Ward, Lock, and Co.), is a very carefully compiled manual, which will be of undoubted service to all classes of students, and indeed everybody might derive pleasure and benefit from its perusal. Its counsels are wise and wholesome, and no young man hesitating in the adoption of a profession, or having already commenced his career, should be without it.

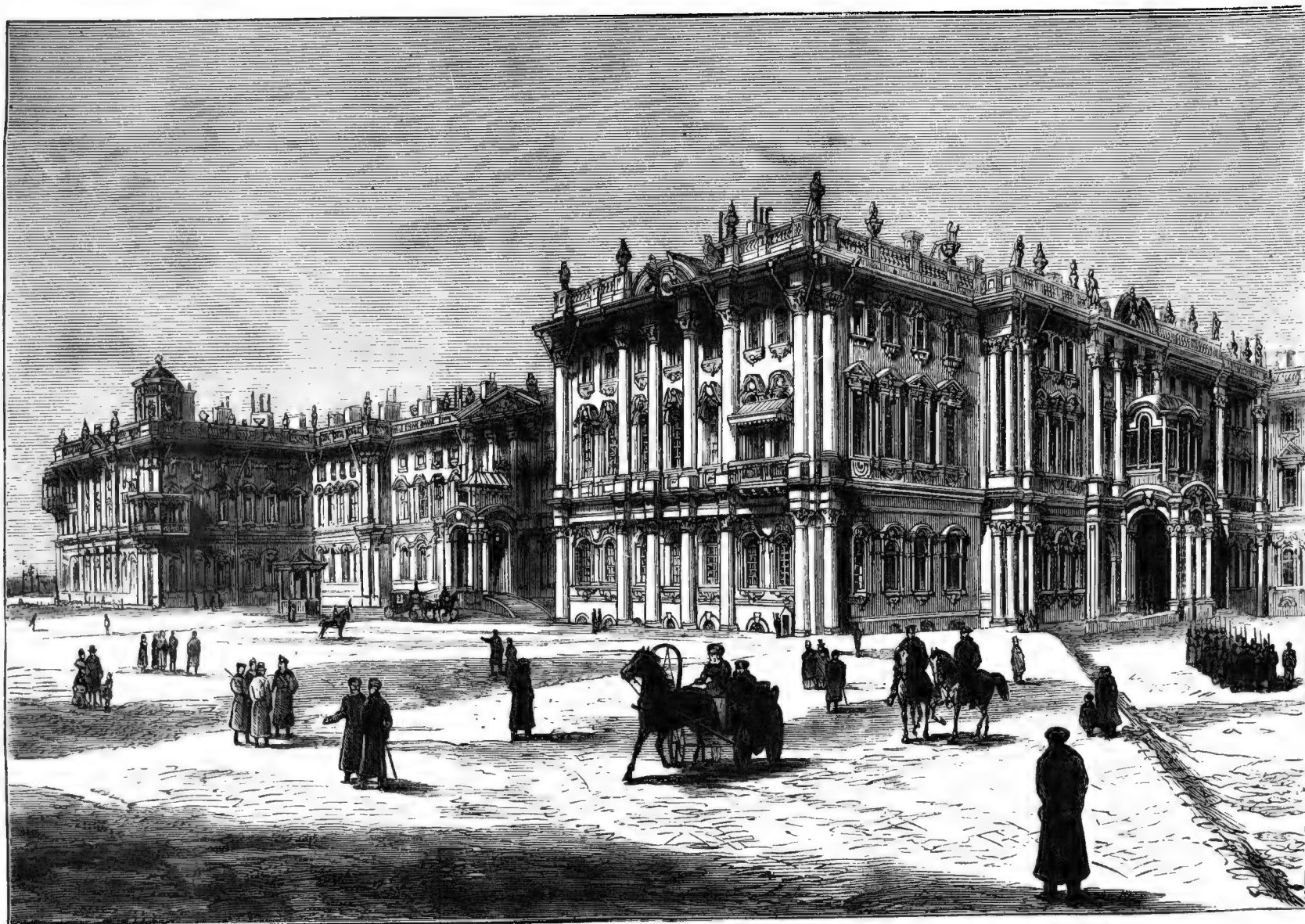
Two prettily told stories for the little ones are "Robin and Linnet," by the authors of "Honour Bright," &c., and "We Are Seven," by Caroline Birley (Wells Gardner), both being brightly and prettily illustrated in colours by T. Pym.

Chief amongst recent new editions is "The Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings" of George Eliot, selected by Alexander Main (W. Blackwood and Sons). No other modern author's works (unless we except Carlyle's) will furnish so many passages of pure and elevated thought, sparkling wit, and infinite tenderness, interwoven with such all-seeing sympathy with the pathos and wonder of human life; and this volume, therefore, though containing but a moiety of the gems which shine in almost every page of George Eliot's writings, is one which all will cherish, and one, too, which it is good to have and to read. The present (the fourth) edition has been augmented by extracts from the author's latest works, "Daniel Deronda" and "Theophrastus Such." The arrangement of the extracts is good, and, as is just and proper, the volume is beautifully printed and very tastefully bound.

We have received a cheaper edition, being the fourth thousand, of Paxton Hood's "World of Anecdote" (Hodder and Stoughton); a second edition of the "Shareholder and Director's Companion," by F. B. Palmer (Stevens and Sons); and the "Educational Year Book for 1880" (Cassell).



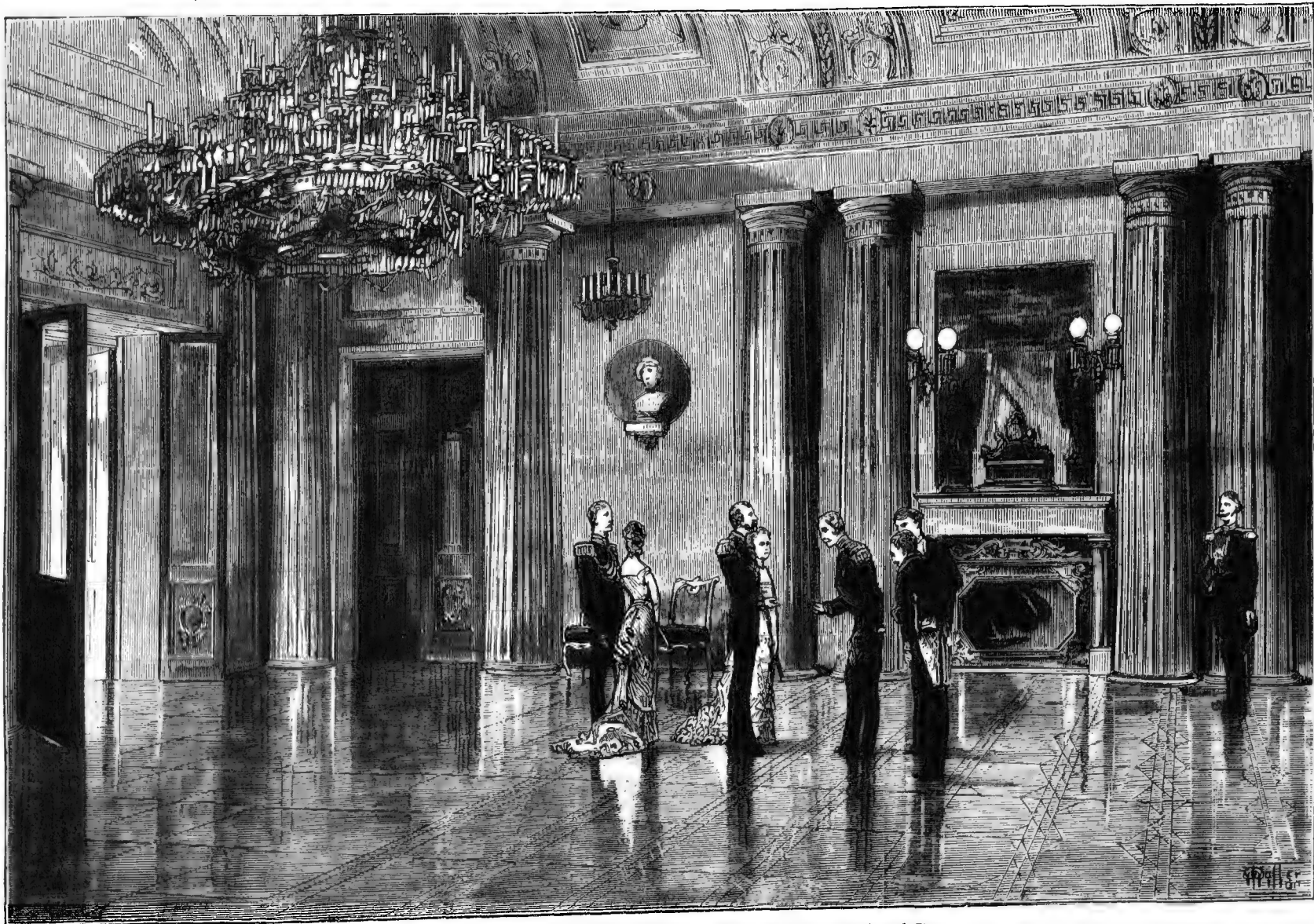
THE WINTER PALACE FROM THE SOUTH
THE PORTION BEYOND THE FLAG IS WHERE THE EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE



THE WINTER PALACE—THE NORTH-WEST CORNER



ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS



A SALOON IN THE WINTER PALACE

ASAB BAY

THE Italians, who have long cast loving eyes upon the African Continent, and have for many years past been talking of obtaining a footing there by establishing a colony upon the sea coast, have at last made a beginning by founding a settlement at Asab Bay, a small port situated in the northern part of the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb in the Red Sea. "Asab Bay," writes Mr. Richard J. Rogers, of H.M.S. *Seagull*, to whom we are indebted for the sketch from which our illustration is taken, "was bought by the Italian Rubattino Company from the chief of that part in 1869, and has been only now taken possession of by the Italians. In December, 1879, the paddle-wheel sloop *Esploratore* hoisted the Italian merchant flag there, and the crew, in company with that of the Italian gunboat *Ischia* and steamer *Messina*, have since been landing stores, building huts, and surveying the place. Asab Bay is one of the smaller bays on the West Coast of the Red Sea, lat. 13° N., long. 42° 45' E., is twelve miles long and five miles wide, the surrounding country and mountains are volcanic, the lower part of the bay is low, and frequently covered by sea-water. The northern part, where the flag is hoisted, is situated at a higher elevation, and fresh water is plentiful, though slightly brackish; the date-palm grows wild, and there is excellent soil, but like most parts of the African coast about there, is dried up, and rain seldom falls. Asab Bay is one of the most healthy places in the Red Sea, and is said to be cooler than Aden during the summer."

GRAVES IN SEKUKUNI'S COUNTRY

THIS sketch shows the graves of those who fell at the fight and storming of Fighting Koppie and Sekukuni's Town, Nov. 28, 1879. The graves are all covered over with large stones of granite obtained from a koppie about 500 yards off. Captain Laurell's is about seven feet high at the head, with stones about four feet high over the body, and a wooden cross on top. All the others have heavy stones over the grave in a half-circle, the entire length of grave. Between each grave there is planted a species of lily that grows in this valley. All are enclosed in mimosa or thorn fence, a bank about 3½ feet high, and then a ditch outside. The following fell in the action of November 28th:—Captain Laurell, 4th Hussars; Captain Macaulay, Transvaal Mounted Infantry; Private Weston, 21st Regiment; Corporal McNally, 21st Regiment; Private Donovan, 21st Regiment; Private Chipps, 94th Regiment, died in the field hospital Dec. 7; and of Corporal Mitchell, Quartermaster-Sergeant McLeod, Border Horse, and one other, the dates of death are not given. The last two graves are to the left, and are not seen in the picture.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE PLAINS OF INDIA

SUCH is the title given by the contributor to whom we are indebted for this sketch. As far as the picture goes, except that the haughty "John" of the British islands, with his plush and knee-breeches, is replaced by a dusky-faced *Kittumgar*, in tunic and turban, life among the leisure classes seems much the same in India and in England. But there is one important difference which a picture cannot easily show, that is, the scorching effect of a tropical sun, which even in the month of January is felt pretty severely in the Indian plains. Nevertheless, wherever they may be, whether at the Pole or on the Equator, John and Jane Bull persist in pursuing their favourite national pastimes, and for Anglo-Indians lawn-tennis has been one of the greatest boons ever invented. In interest it far excels croquet, and many a lady, who formerly got no exercise beyond that derived from ambling along on an Arab steed, now brings the glow of health to her cheeks by the active use of her muscles which lawn-tennis induces.

HALLEY'S MOUNT

THE monument to Dr. Edmund Halley, which Mr. Gill, the astronomer at the Cape, proposes to have erected in St. Helena, will stand above the small church (St. Matthew's) shown in the middle distance of the drawing, with the "Valley of Silence" on this side of it. On the left are Pinasters, which were introduced into the island long after Halley's time, in 1787, and below are two fine Norfolk Island pines (*Araucaria excelsa*) in the grounds of Walboro Cottage. In the foreground are caladiums and arums, which flourish throughout the moist dells of the island. The little cottage beneath the church is the "Rose and Crown" hotel (*sic*), kept by Mr. Tim, who is celebrated wherever the West African squadron sails. In Mrs. Gill's "Six Months in Ascension," an account is given of Halley's Mount, which is a prominent spur on the northern declivity of Diana's Peak, the culminating point of St. Helena. Here a few roughly-squared blocks of tufa, now overgrown with wild-pepper and blackberry brambles, are all that remain to mark the site of Edmund Halley's observatory, where 200 years ago he noted the transit of Mercury, and made the first magnetical observations in the southern hemisphere. The fame of Halley has hitherto been somewhat obscured by that of his friend and contemporary Sir Isaac Newton, and we are glad to learn that besides the monument which it is proposed to erect on the site of his labours, Professor Pritchard, who holds the Chair of Astronomy at the University of Oxford, is about to compile Halley's biography. —Our engraving is from a sketch by Capt. S. P. Oliver, late R.A.

PERILOUS POSITION OF THE STEAMER
"HANKOW."

THE screw steamer *Hankow*, Captain Symington, with a cargo consisting principally of wool, left Sydney for London by way of Suez Canal on December 12th. All went well until, off Oporto, the boss of her screw parted, she lost the whole of her propeller, and was compelled to proceed under sail. On Sunday the 8th inst. she was getting on pretty well, standing up Channel under a crowd of sail, when, as the wind freshened, the captain engaged two Falmouth tugs to take his vessel into Portsmouth Sound. They towed her with little difficulty as long as they were running before the wind, but when they attempted to round her into the Sound they proved perfectly powerless, and the *Hankow* had to be left to her own resources. She drifted rapidly, and narrowly escaped destruction in passing between two rocky shoals. At length two anchors were let go, and she rode in the midst of terrific surf within three hundred yards of the Breakwater. As the tide ebbed, she encountered a new danger, bumping heavily on the shoal above which she lay. Her perilous position had been for a long time perceived from the shore, and after various efforts the Royal National Life Boat Institution boat conveyed to the *Hankow* the two warps, one of steel and the other of hemp, from each of the Government tugs—a task which on account of the surf would have been impossible for the tugs. It was not until 3 p.m. that all was ready for the final attempt to move the *Hankow*. Then the Government tugs, *Trusty* and *Carvon*, put forth all their powers, and, one of the *Hankow's* anchors being weighed and the other slipped, the great ship was seen moving steadily westwards. The wind had by this time moderated, though the sea was still running terrifically high. Hundreds of anxious eyes watched the vessel's progress, for if the warps had parted she would have gone broadside on to the Breakwater. Happily the warps proved true, and ere long the *Hankow*,

having rounded the western end of the Breakwater, was brought to a safe anchorage inside.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieut. H. Yonge, of H.M.S. *Valorous*, which went out to help the *Hankow*, but was anticipated by the tugs.

CROSS HILL AND GOVAN HILL BURGH HALL,
GLASGOW

ON the 12th December last a distinguished company of some four hundred ladies and gentlemen witnessed the interesting ceremony of the formal opening of the splendid Burgh Hall for Cross Hill and Govan Hill. The land on which the building stands and the building itself are the magnificent gift of Mr. William Smith Dixon, whose family have been colliery proprietors for several generations in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Dixon was unfortunately prevented by ill health from being present at the opening ceremony, but a letter from him was read by Mr. Logan, the Chairman, to whom was entrusted the duty of delivering to the Burgh Commissioners the title-deeds of the property. In this letter Mr. Dixon remarks on the changes which had taken place in the neighbourhood since his boyhood. Green fields had been converted into two extensive and populous burghs. He had always felt that meeting-rooms were wanted, in which the inhabitants could discuss their interests and use for their social gatherings. Besides this, Courts of Justice were needed. But as Cross Hill and Govan Hill are on separate counties, Mr. Dixon, to avoid erecting two separate sets of buildings, resolved to select such a site that each Court-House could be in its own county, and at the same time have all the other buildings under one roof. Thus the apartments on the ground floor, allocated to each of the two burghs, are within the counties in which these burghs are situated, while the large Hall above, which is common to both, is, in point of site, about equally divided between the two counties. An inscription, mentioning the donor and the nature of the gift, is engraved on a memorial stone inserted in the vestibule of the large hall. This stone was raised from one of the adjoining collieries belonging to Mr. Dixon, and is marble of a rare description. Mr. Francis Stirrat, of Glasgow, is the architect of the building, and Mr. Eadie the builder.—The photographs from which our views are taken were sent us by Mr. J. M. Robertson, Clerk of the aforesaid burghs.

SUNDAY EVENING AT A BOER'S HOUSE

IN the evening, after tea, which was a mild repast compared to the mid-day "gorge," most of the visitors took their departure; and, the dog having been expelled, every one sat round the table, upon which Psalm-books in the Dutch language were placed. The girls sat together, apart from the men.

The performance commenced by one of the sons reading a Psalm; at the conclusion of which the eldest son gave vent to a sound a few notes above his natural voice, when the ear was startled by a bold trumpet-like and nasal sound which issued from the stout hostess, the other women joined in similarly, the men growled like a bagpipe when they found they could not go on above their voices—and, indeed, the whole effect was not unlike a specimen of that instrument very much out of tune. Although wanting in harmony, there was plenty of earnestness and gravity in observing this custom, which is kept by those whose dwellings are too remote to be able to attend a church.

ONLY AN ASS

HE could not help being such a donkey, having been born an ass. I have it on the best authority that Jacob's parents were very respectable, his father having been the pride of a highly respectable tradesman in the East End, who drove a flourishing trade in greens, which were drawn through the streets by the well-bred animal in question, who frequently added his own melodious tones to those of his master, as he shouted down the streets. Jacob's mother was a lady ass of great refinement, and of wonderful maternal instincts. It is not upon record when or where the mutual attachment sprang up which resulted in the birth of Jacob; but, soon after that auspicious event, the lady might have been seen in company with two more of her sex and species, being driven from door to door of the wealthy dwellings in Belgravia, where, after a matutinal distribution of milk of a richness, and sweetness, and health-giving quality strongly recommended by the faculty, Jacob's mamma, attired in sober grey, returned to the seclusion of a stable in Kinnerton Street, Wilton Place, a quiet mews-like retreat, the home of sweeps, coachmen's families, charwomen, and the purveyor of asses' milk to the Royal Family to whom she belonged. Here, like an affectionate mother, she devoted herself—as well as, under the circumstances, she could—to the rearing of the subject of this memoir.

With the nutriment that should have been his remorselessly and for filthy lucre dispensed amongst the offspring of another kind, it is not surprising that Jacob should have grown up thin, stunted, and of a sour, peculiar, and morose disposition, burdened with which, and a good many other things, he was early sent out into the world to get his living, and pass through, for a time at least, what was a very chequered career. In due course, he drew costermongers' barrows, visited Margate sands, dragged the owner of a knock-em-down with his sticks, dolls, cocoa-nuts, and fat wife to Epsom Downs or any other gathering; had a long turn on Hampstead Heath, where he carried the buoyant but heavy holiday people who believed in donkey-riding; was ridden by a boy, seated very far back in close proximity to Jacob's tail—of that last more anon—to the Metropolitan market, and sold over and over again; and finally he came into my boyish possession, the ugliest, raggedest, most ill-conditioned animal that ever chewed thistle on a waste.

We called him Jacob, the name being suggested because he was such a heeler; but by and by, when his sore back had healed, his coat grown sleek, and his ribs well covered with fat—when, in fact, he changed sides at his pleasure, looked wonderfully sanctified, but was all the while one of the most deceptive rascals under the sun, it was decided to call him the Vicar of Bray; and consequently he was as often spoken of as the Vicar as Jacob; but the latter was the only name to which he would respond, always supposing there were oats. For, as Jacob became acquainted with a warm stable in which was plenty of clean straw, with a pleasant pasture, and was pampered with oats, pieces of bread, apples, carrots, and other luxuries, he grew sycaritic and artful to a degree. He was purchased for me to ride, and preparatory to mounting he had to be bridled and saddled; but, evidently being under the impression that he had worked enough with former masters to warrant his taking a good holiday, he would, when so minded, resist all blandishments, and absolutely refuse to be caught. He might be in the field lying down on his side—a favourite position—or rubbing his back, which he either did by throwing up all four legs and balancing upon his spine, or by walking under a rail, and then see-sawing backwards and forwards—he might, I say, be so employed, but he had always an eye ready, and so sure as he saw that one approached him with a bridle, he would either go off at full gallop, or else lay back his ears, burst out laughing, and, showing his teeth, run straight at you. Run away from him. Of course, one did, and as soon as he had chased one out of the field, he would laugh again—a regular hearty loud haw-haw-haw, ending in such a howl as might have been learned of Quip.

In the stable it was different, for the space was limited; but here he would persist in knowing best, and silently insisting that a bridle

should be put on like a crupper—underneath the tail. It was of no use to declare to the contrary; Jacob would turn his tail to you, butting his head down between his fore-legs, and gazing at you through them in the most provoking manner. It might be thought that at such a time he would kick; but no, he reserved that for a later period, and only kept presenting to you his tail. And that tail! I often wondered why Nature endowed him with that tail; it was not of the slightest use, and certainly was ill-looking enough to deform the fattest donkey that ever breathed. Like a horse I once knew, Jacob was so ashamed of that tail that he always carried it tucked tightly in between his legs, and as much out of sight as he could get it, and only stuck it out, or up, in the secrecy of night, with the stable door close shut.

Oats, however, generally conquered Jacob, and by means of a sieve placed before him he would at last allow himself to be bridled, his delicate waist girthed, and the saddle affixed; but woe betide his owner if he was taken away before the oats were finished. Such a proceeding always made him kick, and kick he could—I have known him set to and kick at the stable wall as if to stretch himself, until he had kicked his shoes off, and then he would kick at the wood-work of the stall. After a battle, however, he would seem to succumb, but he had not forgotten his oats, and so sure as I wanted to go north, he would insist upon it that due south was the right direction, and the same with east and west. You might belabour his sides, kick him, do what you pleased, but Jacob would not give way. Many's the time we have engaged in a struggle, and I have got his head pointed in the direction I wished to go, and held it there, but his legs and his body went the other way and continued so to do. I beat him, 'tis true—with a stick; but he beat me—with his will—and always won. There was only one way to get over it, and that was to take him back to the stable and let him finish his oats, after which he was my humble servant—no, my companion. His merry eyes would twinkle and seem to say, "Come on! Now for a lark!" and no sooner was I on his back than off he would go at a canter, flinging out his heels, every now and then putting down his head, braying, but evidently enjoying the fun; and he'd go—there, if anybody declares an ass to be wanting in speed, deny it, for Jacob could gallop like a deer.

Good feeding must have vitiated that donkey's taste, for he would indulge in the most abnormal delicacies. Thistles went without saying, and he would leave knee-deep sweet clover to nibble, and destroy the thorny hedge, but his eccentric nature led him to revel in egg or oyster shells, and upon one occasion I found him enjoying himself at the dust-hole, where there was a heap of broken bottles, the butt end of one of which he was chewing with great gusto.

Ah, those were happy days! Many's the good gallop I've had on Jacob's back. True, he rubbed first all the trouser off one leg, and then the skin against a brick wall; true, he threw me over his head a dozen times or so; and it is true, too, that he had a bad habit of lying down on the dusty road with his rider, to have a good roll, which was not at all beneficial to his little pad-saddle; but all the same, Jacob was one of my dearest friends, and we thoroughly understood one another. The boys never teased him after he bit Old Jenkins, the cobbler's son, in the back; and as to any of them riding him, there was not one who dared. I honestly believe that if any other boy had mounted him, Jacob would have had him off on the instant. I rode him, but then we were friends, and it was on sufferance; and during the latter part of my home days Jacob used to run after me like a dog, only though, perhaps, to cut some caper the next minute, and show his teeth and laugh. You could not be cross with him long, because he was so truly happy, and that day when I had to leave home, and went off to the field, and took hold of his shaggy ears, laid my forehead down on his, and sobbed as if my heart would break, Jacob seemed to understand me well. I had kept it all back indoors, but out in the field there was no one but my old friend to see, and the tears would have their way. Yes, it was hard work, that first going away from home to begin the battle of life, and though one promised so to be a man, there is more of the woman in the boy of fourteen, and the tears came again as Jacob put his head over the gate, and looked after me, uttering a dismal bray.

Of course I often saw him again, but eleven years had gone by when one day at home I heard the news that poor Jacob was sick unto death. And so it was, for on going to the stable, there lay the poor beast upon his flank, with his head stretched out, and a piteous look in his eyes that went to my heart. Poor old Jacob! we had been long parted, for I had been round the world since I saw him last; but he tried to raise his head and uttered a mournful cry, and let it fall again. Then he lay still, gazing straight at me with something of his old look. I stroked his muzzle and found it cold, so were his poor old ears, and as I knelt there in the straw, he made a convulsive effort to rise, as if once more he and I were to have a gallop together. Poor Jacob! it was all in vain, he had had his last look at our green fields, and was bound for pastures new, for he fell back, a shudder ran through him, and all was over. It was foolish, but he had made me a boy once more, and the tears fell fast as I thought of bygone days. There was a dampness in my eyes too, as I saw the earth thrown in over Jacob in the little field.

"Ah, sir," said Thompson, our old gardener, "there's some folks as says you never sees a dead donkey. Here's one anyhow. Poor old Jacob! he was a good old beast."

And I said "Amen."

GEO. MANVILLE FENN

PRECOCITY

MACAULAY somewhere talks of "the major blubbing in the nursery," when he wants to show the grotesque side to an old way of bestowing patronage. Children are not dubbed majors nowadays, and do not swagger from the cradle to the small sword in the premature style. Army promotion is supposed to be regulated with some regard to science and efficiency, and its titles are awarded to merit or age. But if the practice of the good old times had been kept up, and wealthy or well-born families were still able to ornament their infants with premature honours, it is quite certain that the infant major of the day would never "blubber." Long before he had progressed beyond three feet he would have thrown off the habit of showing his feelings in eye-wash. He would be every inch of him a Major, albeit of molecular proportions. His nursery would no longer bear that infantile name, but would be transformed into "officers' quarters." A preternatural keenness would have come into his eyes, and under his one ringlet of flax, a suitable frown of responsibility would have ploughed its way along his brow. He would probably have the trick of twirling an imaginary moustache at the base of his nose, and, if he did not actually understand the duties of his position, his demeanour and some of his conversation would reveal at least a full sense of personal importance. Blubber! The four-year-old of the present day would scorn the vulgarity. He has his impulses too well under control. It is not that he has not a mind to and could not if he would, like his predecessors of other generations. But he happens to be the member of a generation which reverses the old order of things, and which begins to be elderly before it is well into its teens, and to grow "weary of the sun," on philosophical principles, before the edge has been well removed from the earliest razor.

That does not necessarily mean that the premature gravity of contemporary infancy and youth is accompanied by any unusual intellectual achievements. There are some prodigies in the pantomimes, no doubt, of the most tender age, who discharge the serious dramatic functions of a mussel or a lobster with astonishing success.

There are other prodigies of the concert-halls who essay the more difficult feat of discoursing classical music whilst their fingers are yet pink. Discounting these forced growths, however, it can scarcely be said that the average of brain power has increased in proportion to the general seriousness.

Pascal, when he was a lad of thirteen, if his sister has not indulged in a flattering untruth at his expense, manufactured some thirty propositions of Euclid, from a knowledge of the axioms and definitions accidentally supplied to him. Pope, when he was twelve, wrote eclogues which had the classic smoothness of Virgil. Pitt was a Premier in his twenty-fifth year, and Napoleon in his twenty-eighth was general of division, on his way to the unparalleled campaign in Italy.

Feats of that kind are not, however, to be confounded with the precocity of the present period. Pascals, Popes, Pitts, and Napoleons are as scarce as ever they were. The elderliness and sombre demeanour so widely diffused among contemporary youth is not to be confounded with any exceptional diffusion of the power to do or think things more extraordinary than were thought or done by any average generation of their predecessors. Yet it is not contended that precocity appears as an entirely new feature of modern life, and that now for the first time children wear the trappings of elderliness, as if there were no special sunshine to light them among the flowers, or no flowers to cull in the open garden of youth.

We may be very sure that Shakespeare was correct to a detail when he made the son of Coriolanus suggest the qualities of his father to the admiring Valeria. But the precocity of hereditary resemblance is consistent with a thorough boyhood:—

"O my word, the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O my troth I looked upon him o' Wednesday half-an-hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant how he mammoocked it!"

That, no doubt, was before Rome had got into the historical era. The difference now is that if the infant of the period wanted to "mammoock" a butterfly, he would do it with a scientific pin as gravely and decorously as old Izaak Walton with his frog, "as if he did love him," all in the interests of entomological knowledge. Though history is silent on the subject, there were also no doubt phases of precocity due to sheer imitativeness. It may be taken for certain that when Raleigh, for example, brought tobacco into England, it was tested by all the juniors who could reach it, and that pale faces and repentance were much in vogue wherever the new plant was in use.

There seems no reasonable chance of the present assimilation of boyhood to stages in life farther advanced being reduced by any new influence from within or without. Many children, it is true, are prematurely aged by the æsthetic burden they are made to carry by the demands of contemporary taste. They are under the necessity of looking as if they had stepped off a Greek pedestal or from the edge of a China mug. They must not run about too naturally, or they endanger the artistic repose with which their garments sit upon them. They belong to Art in the first place; and the antique, sorrowful appearance of some of them may consequently be no more than the misery imposed upon them during the prevalence of a taste which too often ousts ease and nature. If so, they will grow out of it. But there are things that they cannot grow out of, things that are understood to belong to the higher civilisation, and which, in consequence, it may be presumed we will retain. Some boys are set to political economy early in their school career nowadays, and some girls have a science of domestic economy distilled into them. Hence it comes about that among the young generation there are to be found philosophers of eight, who decline to take "tips" because, as they will tell you, with a melodramatic echo of the text-books, "it has a pauperising tendency," and "relaxes the fibre of self-reliance." For those of them who have not arrived at so advanced a stage of thinking, there are school savings' banks into which they drop the coin entrusted to them for the purpose of buying tarts and sweetmeats.

No wonder, then, the world wears for the depositors a grave and rather elderly aspect. With what speed, too, do they vault into the region of social discussion once sacred to their seniors! When they can read they have their hands filled with the daily papers, which offer them narratives in comparison with which the fictions of Mrs. Aphra Behn and Tobias Smollett are flavourless and Bowdlerised. They begin early to develop an interest in the characters of prominent statesmen, and with a sometimes appalling accuracy correct their seniors in describing a war or in indicating a policy. By and by, having covered more ground in the way of Continental travel in the course of a few brief years than their seniors have wandered, perhaps, in a lifetime, they develop a cosmopolitan habit of allusion which, if it were accompanied with whiskers, might pass for Admirable Crichtonism. Their very physiology is something different, it would almost appear, from their predecessors', for those of them who have not become serious because of the reasons mentioned, pick up an extensive and sobering knowledge of life among the bars which inure them to the influence of alcohol in all its forms. They are too well-bred to overdrink themselves, but what they do swallow seems to operate on them in a quite stolid and mature style. Yet it is to be doubted whether there is the same exuberant manhood among those who affect comfort in all its branches. The impulse to emigrate, as we know, has died down, except when particular classes, like the tenant farmers of England, are overwhelmed by adverse circumstances, and its second generation is driven perforce into the bush and the prairie.

How far this knowledge of the world, without applied experience, which is saddening the aspect of the young generation, is to be criticised, one need not say. They at least cannot help their precocity. They are not responsible for the great social change represented by facts like the inauguration of Free Trade, which has filled so many purses and given youth its share to spend or to save. They cannot help the opening up of Europe to easy travelling by the introduction of steam, which early shows them within a comfortable area, the varieties of national life and customs. They have had no hand in the educational revolution which is gradually substituting facts and principles for apologies and poetry. All these things are civilisation, but for a time at least civilisation has succeeded in robbing the world of a large part of its vernal freshness and charm.

W. S.

WATERCRESSES

WITH opening spring the watercress trade also begins. The importations of this plant into crowded towns are always highly valued by the lower and middle classes, as, more than any other green meat, it forms the poor man's salad. Every one can tell a watercress in the greengrocer's shop; but it is not so easy to distinguish it amongst its neighbours in the brook, especially when the rank vegetation of April and May grows rampant around it. The fool's watercress or water-parnsip (*stium*) is very likely to be confused with it. The true watercress is distinguished from this and every other member of the great family of *Umbelliferae* by the petioles of its leaves not forming a sheath round the stem. Towns-men, however, are the chief consumers of cress, and they are content to trust to others the discrimination of the plant. Enormous quantities of cresses are grown in regular aquatic gardens in the neighbourhood of London and other large places. A stream is

suffered to overflow square beds of cresses to the height of three inches, or slightly more, and an abundance of young tops is thus obtained. The observant railroad traveller must often have noticed these watery gardens on the outskirts of towns, in railway cuttings, and the like—ponds which, when not too deep, are thus profitably utilised; whereas deeper ones are turned into useful fish preserves. The name by which the watercress is known to botanists, *nasturtium*, is curiously significant of the properties of the family, being derived from *nasus tortus*, "a twisted nose," in allusion to the effect supposed to be produced by the cress's pungent qualities.

The best cresses, however, like the best trout, come from clear streams flowing briskly over gravel or sand, where Nature is the only cultivator, and any one who finds them may carry them off, instead of having to pay rents for green squares in which they are artificially grown for the market. Just as love of sport produces the poacher, so fondness for country air and sights causes men to turn watercress gatherers. Such men do not relish steady work at farm labour, preferring the pleasures of independence which they taste while pursuing their favourite vocation. In the autumn they gather mushrooms, earn a precarious livelihood as they best can during winter, but with February and March betake themselves to the well-known localities of the district famous for watercresses. Being up generally very early in the morning, partly from habit, partly to reach the beds before the arrival of competitors, they knock off work by 3 or 4 P.M. They may be seen returning to some road-side station about these hours to catch the afternoon train, with a huge bundle of cresses tightly pressed into a water-proof bag over their backs. This they deposit on the platform, pour out the water, borrow the station-master's watering-pot, and fill up the sack afresh from his pump. The watercress gatherer is usually a burly man, clad in garments of the thickest woollen materials, like a fisherman. Sometimes he has high boots; but, as a rule, cares no more for getting wet than does an enthusiastic wader when fly-fishing for trout, and then he wears anything that comes first. Consequently he falls a prey to rheumatism before very many years go over his head, not being acquainted with the recent nostrum of vegetarians, stewed celery; or perhaps from his watery researches eschewing that plant altogether, for the wild celery is poisonous until its acrid qualities are tamed by cultivation.

Instead of carrying his sack of watercresses to the town, and disposing of it himself, he more often has an engagement with a wholesale buyer in town, and despatches his collections to him. The great Midland towns consume an enormous quantity annually. This spring the business is somewhat slack owing to depression of trade and commerce, yet the wholesale price now varies from 2s. 9d. to 3s. 3d. per stone. An active gatherer will collect seven or eight stone a day in a watery locality where there is not much competition.

Watch him some blustering morning of March wade down the streams which sparkle in the sunshine in front, among the "brambly wildernesses" of the Laureate's poem at this turn; next minute "lingering by the shingly bars, and loitering round his cresses." Knife in hand, he cuts quickly, but judiciously, so as not to tear up the roots on the one hand, nor yet to include decayed stems, dead leaves, and the like amongst his salads, on the other. The larks sing above in the blue profound; a few lambs skip on the bank before him; the rooks walk majestically and fearless on the early-springing grass, their plumage shining in the gleams of sun. It is a very pleasant life, thinks the cress-gatherer, were it not for the constant cold and wet state of his feet. Here he notes a badger's hole in the bank; perhaps mentally resolves to bring a ferret with him the next time he comes for the rabbits which shoot into their burrow at his approach, or halts to do a little tickling for trout under the deep shelf over the pool. He is not altogether a favourite with the keeper, as may be easily imagined; but he is a pleasant-spoken fellow, and has obtained leave from the squire to collect cresses in return for some civilities during the hunting season, earth-stopping or the like, so he reckons nothing for that functionary's distrust.

His real enemies are floods, cows, and boys. Against the first he is quite powerless; the second trample and root up his plants; but he can and does place a rail or two across the stream at the end of their pasturage, and thus circumvents them. Boys are the worst of all; some tear up cresses, root and all, and carry them off for tea; others injure the beds, in which he now deems he has acquired a certain proprietorship, with long sticks, or throw big stones amongst them. He can but chase the boys when he finds them in the fields, and, to do him justice, this he does with a will, brandishing his knife, and shouting to intensify their terror. Of course he never catches one, but his end is attained if he shows the fugitives that they may possibly be caught some day. Their dreams, too, are probably disturbed with apparitions of enormous watercress gatherers, like Jack's Cornish giants, cutting off their heads with a huge knife, and, after eating the rest of their bodies like shrimps or watercresses, throwing away their useless feet and shoes.

The watercress gatherer, as the years pass on, often shelters in the workhouse during three or four of the winter months. The doctor takes a kindly interest in him, and treats him for rheumatism according to the newest lights in the medical world. The old man rather scorns this treatment, and in spite of all warning returns to his former semi-aquatic life in the spring. His friend knows what will be the end of it as soon as the fine dish of watercresses is left at his door with the gatherer's respects. Autumn sets in earlier than usual one season, with copious showers, and he is summoned to the cress-gatherer's bedside in the little mud cottage by the beloved stream, now so red and swollen that it is with some difficulty that the doctor fords it. "Ye see how it is, Sir; this here rheumatiz has got sore hold of me, though I have allus carried the right forefoot of a hare in my jacket pocket, and they do say that be prime agin rheumatics." Help comes too late. Next morning the watchers hear the old man mutter, "Who's a-cutting them there cresses?" and next moment all the poor cress-gatherer's earthly troubles are ended.

M. G. WATKINS



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A MODERN PASTORAL

I WATCH them stand, a pensive pair,
Beside the sedge pond;
The youth is tall, the maiden fair,
And both of them are fond.
But, though they talk, as people may,
Of topics far and near,
This is not what he wants to say,
Nor what she fain would hear.

There's nothing in the maiden's eyes
To make a man despond,
Yet words upon the lips that rise
Will never go beyond.
And when he talks of cheapened hay,
Or coals extremely dear,
That is not what he wants to say,
Nor what she fain would hear.

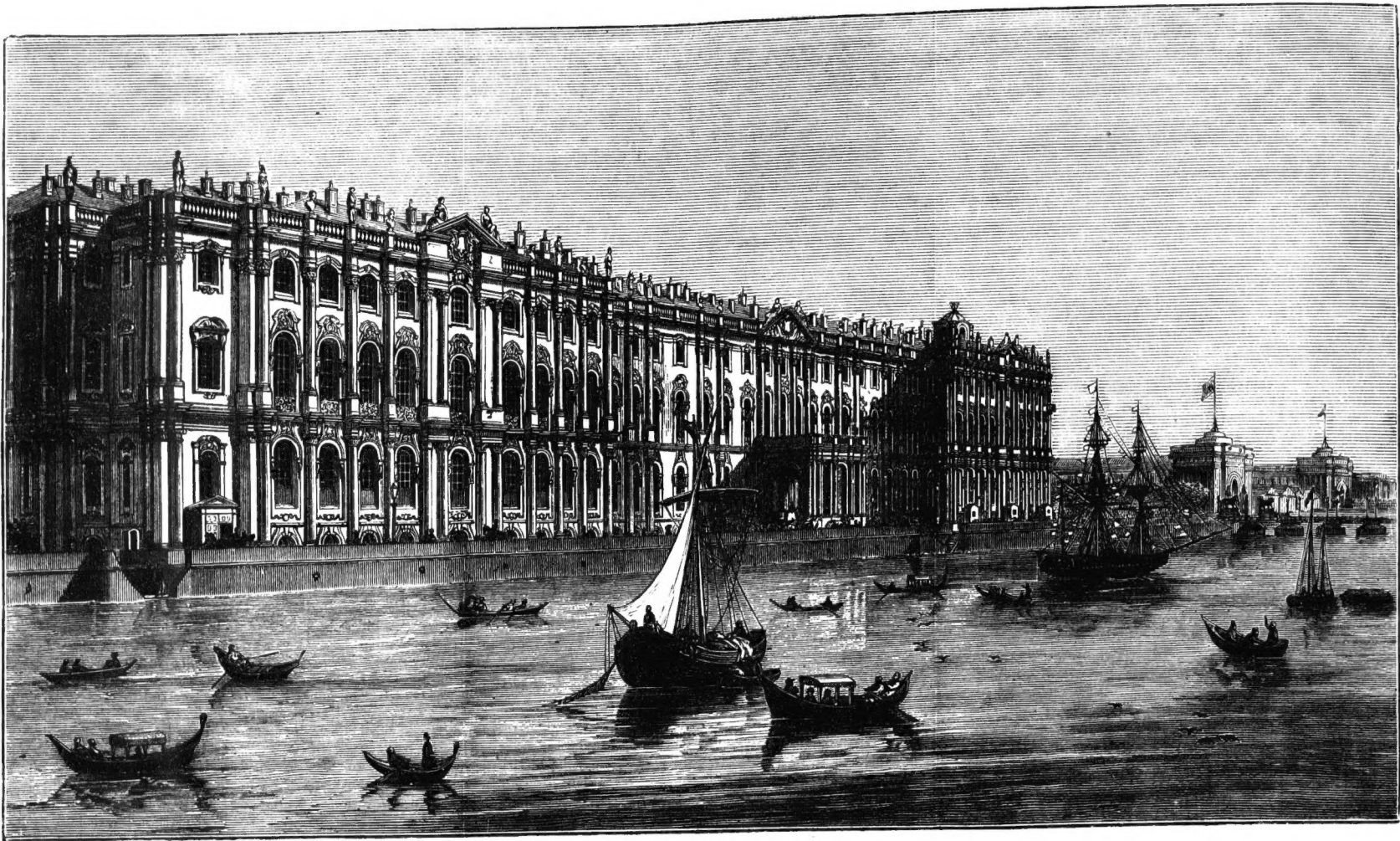
They're turning back—for Hesper blinks
Above them in the blue;
And "Now or never," Damon thinks,
"Her father's door's in view."
He takes her hand—he has his way,
He cries, "I love you, dear!"
Ah, that is what he meant to say,
And what she longed to hear!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

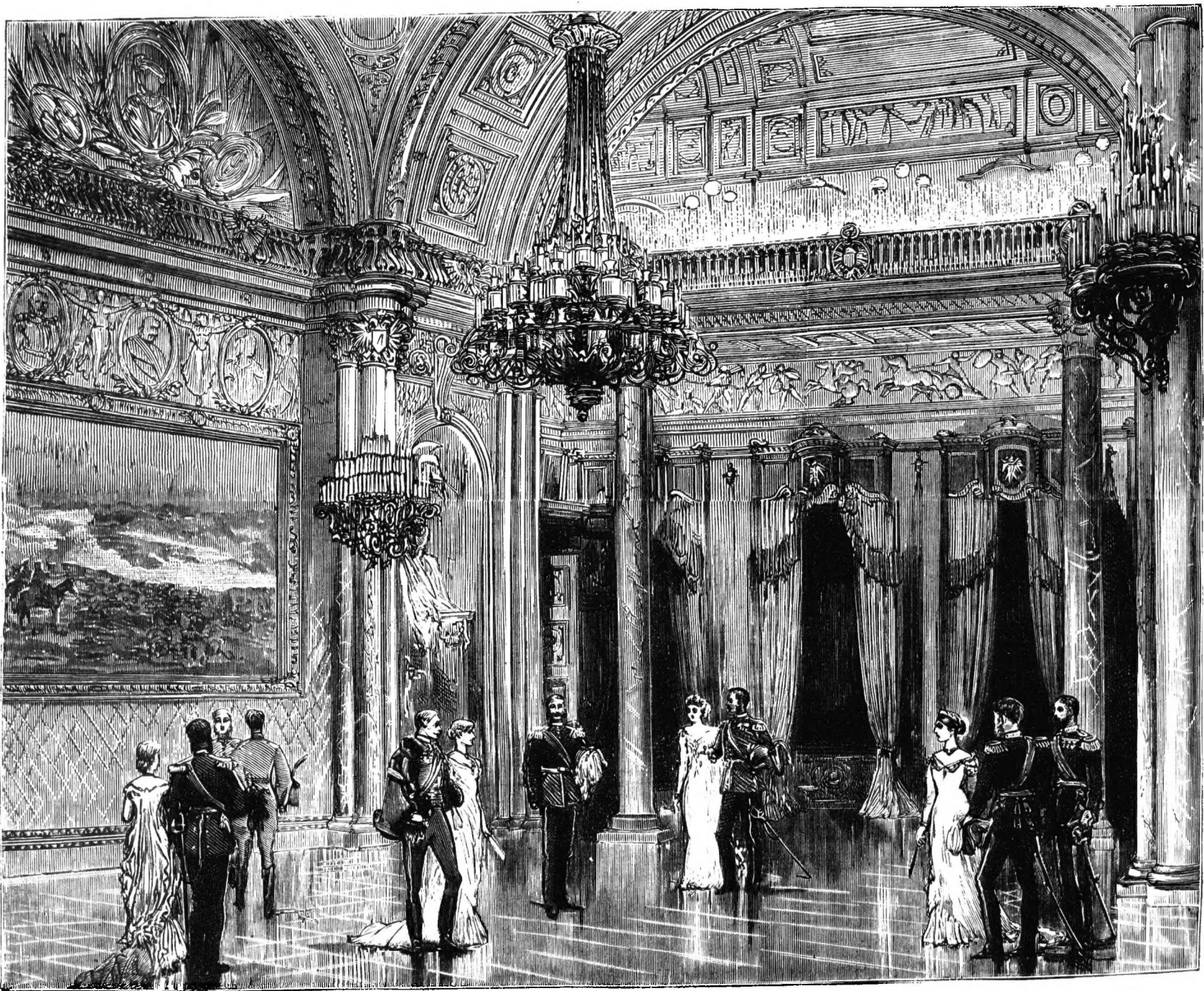
THE RED FISHERMAN.—With a streamer of gay ribbon for a line, and a store of new shillings for bait, the red fisherman may be seen any morning, and all day long, from Monday until Saturday in the neighbourhood of Charles Street, Westminster. He is the most cheerful and confident of anglers, and he fishes for men. He is particularly brisk and alert at the present time, the spoil of his skilful sport being at a premium; but no one would for a moment suspect how busy he desires to be, judging from his demeanour. He has plied at that same piece of water for so many years, he has an intimate knowledge of the habits and customs of every variety of fish that frequent it. He knows those it is worth playing for, and those he would not be at the trouble to land though they came and hung themselves on his hook. It is no secret to him that every day of the week there will set out from home a certain number of young fellows resolved to enlist, and whose courage remains at sticking point until they arrive in sight of the red danger signal pacing the pavement of Parliament Street, when their military ardour pales, and they either turn back, or with a steadfast look ahead and a preoccupied air pass him by as though they had no more idea of "going for a soldier" than of scaling the topmost tower of the Abbey on the opposite side of the way. This is the sort of fish on whom the red fisherman would disdain to waste a single cast of his line; and another is the individual who at frequent intervals makes his appearance in the neighbourhood, and loiters shilly-shally at shop-windows and street corners as though he only needed asking. And the wily fisherman is well aware there are scores of weak-minded young gentlemen who, driven to the brink of despair by a sweetheating misunderstanding, or through having a "row" with papa respecting the use and abuse of a latch-key, darkly hint at doing something desperate, and who have it in their heart of malice to straightway make all their friends and relatives miserable by taking the Queen's shilling. But there is method in their madness. They don't run away at sight of the recruiting officer, but still comfort themselves with the delusion that they have not altogether repented than of their dare-devil design. No, they have come there for the purpose of enlisting, and they won't flinch. There they are if the sergeant chooses to step up and invite them. It is not their fault if the man neglects his opportunity; and, finding that the sergeant takes no more notice of them than of the crossing sweeper, they turn away with the feeling of men who have defied fate and come off victorious. But in nine cases in ten the recruiting sergeant would not give a shilling each for such soldier stuff—he would not have them at a gift. He has a shrewd eye for measurement, and needs no tape rule to tell to half-an-inch the girth of a man's chest. He flatters himself too that he can tell at a glance when an individual, though he may be a shy one, really means business. But to the uninitiated the most curious part of it is the sergeant's idea of a proper sort of man for his purpose. John Whapstraw, five feet eight or nine, and broad-chested with it, is the fellow for him, though he be uncouth and awkward, and ignorant as the horses he until recently followed at plough. Out of such rough stuff the sergeant will warrant in twelve months to make as smart a soldier as ever carried a rifle. On the other hand, for the London-raised ne'er-do-well, the shrewd quick young fellow who has graduated in the "slums," and who as regards smartness and activity and a keen faculty for imitation is already a soldier half made, the recruiting sergeant has the heartiest detestation. Men of this sort, as a rule, prove themselves "too clever by half," and having by far too much leisure on their hands in barracks, give their minds to the stirring up of mischief and discontent amongst their less "knowing" comrades. It is only when catches are scanty and the demand urgent that the red fisherman is glad to consign this scaly customer to his creel.

SHAKESPEARE'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE" is curiously paralleled by a story told in Gregori Leti's biography of Pope Sixtus V., according to the *Cologne Zeitung*, with the difference that in this case the Christian, not the Jew, makes the bloodthirsty demand for the payment of his bond. Leti, whose work appeared in the seventeenth century, relates that in 1587—some ten years before the probable date of the production of Shakespeare's play—a Roman merchant, Paul Maria Secchi, a good Catholic Christian, quarrelled with a Jewish trader, Simson Canada, about the reported conquest of San Domingo by Sir Francis Drake. The Jew strenuously refused to believe the report, and bet a pound of his flesh against 1,000 scudi from Secchi on the falsity of the rumour, two witnesses attesting the wager. On the conquest of San Domingo being confirmed the Christian demanded the payment of the wager, and was deaf to all appeals from the Jew, who at last applied to the Governor, the Governor in his turn referring to the Pope. His Holiness sentenced both parties to the galleys, but Jew and Christian managed to escape by paying 2,000 scudi apiece to the Hospital of the Sixtine Bridge.

THE RECLAIMING OF DESERT LAND IN EGYPT is being warmly advocated by a French *savant*, Dr. Delamotte, who has for twenty years been studying the subject of rivers in ancient Egypt. He believes that the country in pre-historic times was watered by large rivers which now exist only as huge beds of sand, called by the Arabs of the desert "Bahr-el-Abiad"—rivers without water—and from which shells have been unearthed. The whole plateau of Khartoum must, he thinks, have been a huge lake like the Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, and from which the Nile flowed. Then, the cataracts were much higher than now, and the river, on reaching them, divided into different streams, forming the Bahr-el-Abiad, and watering the region now desert, instead of precipitating its whole volume down the cliffs. Gradually these porphyry and granite cliffs wore away, the level was lowered, and the Nile retired from its tributary streams to its present channel. Dr. Delamotte considers, however, that the cataracts might easily be raised by a system of locks and dams, which would suffice to refill the Bahr-el-Abiad, and increase tenfold the arable land of Egypt.



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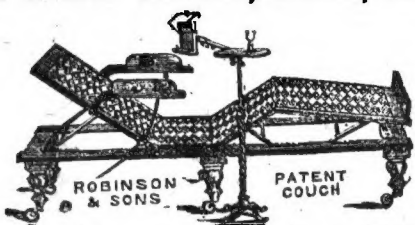
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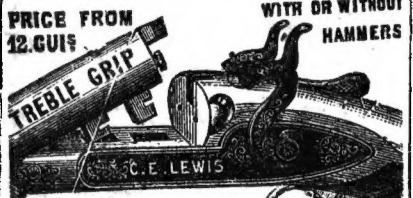
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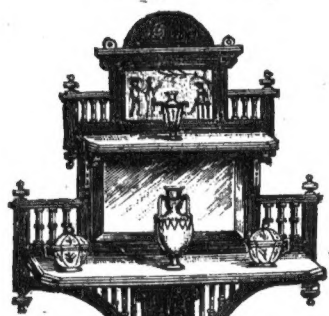


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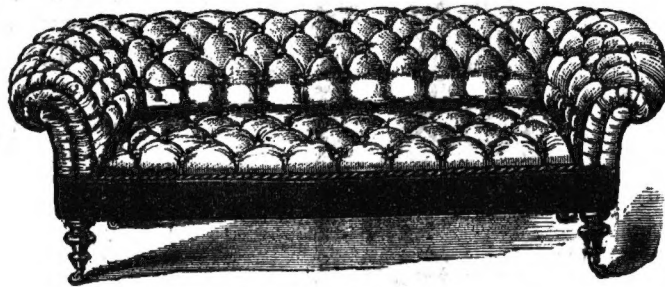
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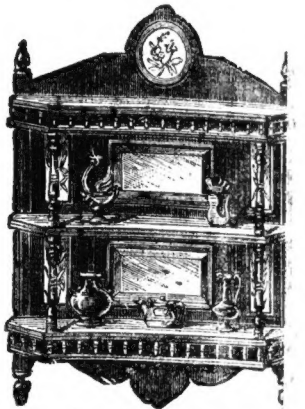
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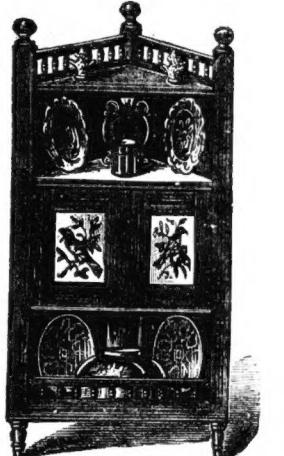
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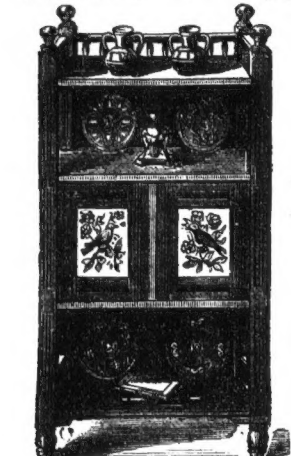


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